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THE CLEARNESS OF HENRY JAMES

For centuries a restless and romantic world has been checked in its quest of adventure by the cynical maxim of the Preacher, "There is nothing new under the sun." Strange it were, therefore, should one hope to set a trap for an enlightened and critical public by an attempt at novelty. And yet *the clearness of Henry James* is a phrase that to many minds is equivalent to the clearness of the obscure—words which may lead the wary to suspect a camouflage of paradox as a disguise of tedium. Be that as it may, it is high time, since so much has been said about the difficulty of Mr. James's later work, that some attention were paid to his careful simplification of exceedingly complex subject-matter. To become aware of his own concern for clearness one has only to read some of those minutely critical prefaces written after "long years" for the revised edition of the novels and tales. From these it is easy to see that the author's great problem was to clarify that which by reason of its intricacy presented a constant challenge to clarification.

In the preface to his earliest treatment of a complicated subject, *Roderick Hudson*, he writes as follows: "... I felt too, all the while, how many more ups and downs my young man would have had to know, how much more experience it would have taken, in short, either to make him go under or to make him triumph. The greater complexity the superior truth was all more or less present to me; only the question was too dreadfully how to make it present to the reader? How boil down so many facts in the alembic, so that the distilled result, the produced appearance, should have intensity, lucidity, brevity, beauty, all the merits for my effect?"

Ever present, apparently, was this sense that the superior truth of complexity could not be fully expressed, that it must always be conveyed through the artist's skill in making entangled relations that "stop nowhere" appear to be bounded by a single action. There must be sense without complete surface; there must be clearness without simplicity. In the preface to *The Wings of the Dove*, Mr. James says of that particular novel something that may be extended in application to others. "The thing has doubtless as a whole," he writes, "the advantage that each piece is true to its pattern, and that while it pretends to make no simple statement, it yet never lets go its scheme of clearness." Thus it becomes evident that the frank transparency of such a book, say, as *Marie Claire* was by no means what Mr. James sought, but rather a skillful illumination of that which most writers are content to leave in darkness.

His clarity, our author — if one may take the liberty of paraphrasing his own "our young man" and "our young woman" — candidly admits not to be of the popular sort. That his "incorrigible tendency" to see one thing through another has often subjected him to the accusation of diffuseness he recognizes. But he feels that he as well as the reading public has a right to impose a condition. "Attention of perusal," he writes in the preface of *The Wings of the Dove*, "I thus confess by the way, is what I at every point as well as here, absolutely invoke and take for granted; a truth I avail myself of this occasion to note once for all — in the interest of that variety of ideal reigning, I gather, in the connection." In the same passage he goes on to emphasize his belief that only attentive reading is of real importance from the artist's point of view. "The enjoyment of a work of Art," he continues, "the acceptance of an irresistible illusion constituting to my sense our highest experience of luxury, the luxury is not greatest, by my consequent measure when the work asks for as little attention as possible. It is greatest, it is delightfully great, when we feel the surface like the thick ice of the skater's pond bear without cracking the strongest pressure we throw on it. The sound of the crack one may recognize but never surely to call it a luxury."

Mr. James's clearness, then, or the clearness for which I am

trying to make out a case, is not a simple clearness, it is not an easy clearness, it is not a popular clearness, it is not in the usual sense a complete clearness, but rather an artistic clearness that is satisfying to a careful and interested reader. If the illumination is occasionally dimmed, its normal brightness and its constant richness amply make up for temporary obscurity.

Exactly what, then, may be reasonably asked is the nature of the illumination of the dark chamber, this esoteric lucidity? How does it manifest itself, if indeed, it is there? That clearness, even of a popular sort is there, I think no one will question so far as earlier works are concerned, but what of those two-volumed novels and those solidly paragraphed short stories of the late '90's and the 1900's? Truly they present some difficulty, but it is for them that I wish to make out a case.

In the first place it must be admitted that something will be gained if our illuminator has carefully thought out the best scheme for placing his lights. If the lights can be made to burn bright, their being well arranged will make them effective. If, to release the figure, the story be clearly conceived, then something may be hoped for its execution.

Ordinarily in case of fiction one can judge the author's motive only by its execution, but with Mr. James it is different. He has given us a set of prefaces so far as I know unique. Here he lays down the motive of almost every one of his stories. True, most of these prefaces were written late in the author's life, some time after the novels themselves. It cannot be reasonably argued, however, that distance had lent either enchantment or oblivion, for wherever the author does not remember exactly what he set out originally to do he plainly says so. For instance, in the preface to *The Tragic Muse* he confesses that a certain haziness which he cannot quite penetrate has gathered about the theme of the story. In most cases, however, he states definitely not only the motive but also the peculiar conditions and problems of the story. *The Wings of the Dove* furnishes an apt illustration. Here in the preface we find "The idea reduced to its essence is that of a young person conscious of a great capacity for life, but early stricken and doomed, condemned to die under short respite, while also enamoured of the world;

aware moreover of the condemnation and passionately desiring before extinction to put in as many of the finer vibrations as possible, and so achieve, however briefly and brokenly, the sense of having lived." The terms there are general enough, but, I venture to assert, as free from vagueness as the condensation in one sentence of a two-volumed novel could be. That sentence tells us that this is to be what is commonly known as a novel of character, and a novel centering in a unique character; still further it sets forth with remarkable lucidity the conditions under which that dynamic personage is to be presented. That this, moreover, was the original motive, not merely the one appearing most plausible to Mr. James upon his re-reading his own novel, is shown by the next sentence: "Long had I turned it over, standing off from it, yet coming back to it; convinced of what might be done with it, yet seeing the theme as formidable."

Later in the preface the writer particularizes with reference to the other characters. "Somehow, too, at such a rate," he says, "one would see the persons subject to them [that is, subject to their 'promptings' concerning the heroine] drawn in as by some pool of a Lorelei — see them terrified and tempted and charmed; bribed away, it may even be, from more prescribed, and natural orbits, inheriting from their connection with her strange difficulties and still stranger opportunities, confronted with rare questions, and called upon for new discriminations."

General this certainly is, but does it not show a remarkably clear vision, an unusually definite problem? Could the whole preface be quoted, the entire pattern of the book would stand out. The author himself, however, confesses that the motive of this story did at times "seal up its face," from which confession one may infer that although apparently clear enough it is not the clearest of Mr. James's themes. Indeed in comparing the germ of *The Wings of the Dove* with that of *The Ambassadors*, a slightly earlier work, the author speaks of the latter as contrasting in its shining clarity with the former.

The Beast in the Jungle is a story often counted obscure by critics. The author's recognition of justice in such criticism is evidenced by his prefatory statement that he considers the

"elaborated fantasy" successful "only as its motive may seem to the reader to stand out sharp." These words imply that the motive did stand out sharp for the writer, and the preface as a whole bears out the implication. The hero who felt himself a man of destiny, who missed all the usual "vibrations" of life while waiting for the finer ones, and who at last realized that "he was the man in the world to whom nothing whatever was to happen"—it would be hard to conceive a more lucid exposition of his peculiar situation.

It must be confessed, however, that clearness in execution is of more concern to readers, even careful readers, than nicely formed motives. To establish the proposition that Mr. James's later novels and stories are in the main clear to the person who will take the trouble to read attentively would be impossible by any method save that of persuading a large number of intelligent and painstaking readers to peruse all this fiction and conscientiously to record their results. Since this would hardly be a feasible experiment, I shall content myself with pointing out some of our author's characteristics that make for clearness.

Of these I should say that his remarkable feeling for limitation is worthy of standing first. I have already mentioned his felicitous renunciation of popularity. By this means he simplifies his own problem so that roughly speaking he has but one kind of taste to reckon with. This initial limitation is, however, only the basis of others that for the present purpose are more important.

Of these others one of the most interesting is his avoidance of the typical. It may be objected that this is a step in the direction of obscurity rather than in that of clearness. But such is not really the case in literature designed primarily for the thoughtful reader. For the average reader of novels comprehensibility may be bound up in the typical; but for the really thoughtful, the nearer the approach to the unique, the greater the possibility of complete concentration and understanding. A thing that stands alone may be viewed from all sides and angles until it is mastered as a unit, while that which is representative must be understood in all its relations and judged upon the basis of these relations. If, for example, the strange

triangle constituted by Kate Croy, Milly Theale, and Merton Densher were meant to be in any sense typical, the most studious reader would have much ado to make anything of it, but as an isolated case hedged about by peculiar conditions, it becomes lucid and engrossing. Let us try the experiment of saying simply that Kate Croy is the kind of person to desire that her lover, in order to secure a fortune for himself and her, make love to and even marry an heiress who is suffering from an incurable malady. This would state the facts as nearly as one can state them in terms of the typical. Suppose, then, that just such a situation is to be presented. What will be the problems?

In the first place, there will be the tremendous problem of gaining the reader's sympathy for any of the characters. The sentence given above calls up hideous scenes in which Kate plays the rôle of avaricious vampire, Milly Theale that of sweet blonde dupe, and Merton Densher — ah, what part would Merton play? Either that of shameless accomplice to his brazen fiancée or that of fellow-dupe with Milly. Who could feel any desire for even a fictional acquaintance with such persons? But supposing sympathy on the side of the dupe, where does one find the clearness of outline and the lucidity of vision that belong to real literature? Does the typical plot with typical characters promise anything but emotional blurs and melodramatic effects? But when Milly Theale, Kate Croy, and Merton Densher become particular people, each conditioned in a specific manner, none either a villain or a vampire, then they begin to present possibilities for artistic clearness.

This avoidance of the typical is not, however, of less importance for James's lucidity than his rejection of everything that is non-essential. There is usually a small number of characters engaged in action that is relieved of all excrescences of ordinary thrill and incident. There are, generally speaking, no specific conditions of politics to distract one's attention from the interplay of personality that constitutes the real interest of James's fiction. There are almost no accidents and hardly any tremendous climaxes; there are rather situations that are peculiarly thrilling by reasons of the strong currents of understanding which flow beneath the smooth surface of conversation or of

silence. It is upon what people convey to each other by a more or less tacit intercourse that Mr. James fixes our attention. Fortunate it is, then, that he has the astonishing insight so to reduce happenings as to give the reader an opportunity to use most effectively his faculties of penetration.

That these limitations make for an invincible unity is almost obvious. But there is another unifying factor that cannot be neglected; namely, the use of a single consciousness as mirror. Sometimes, as in *What Maisie Knew*, the same consciousness is used throughout; sometimes, as in *The Golden Bowl*, different minds serve in different parts of the story. In *The Golden Bowl*, for instance, the author tacitly identifies himself in the first volume with the Prince; in the second, with the Princess. By such management the reader is enabled further to concentrate his attention upon the chief personages presented.

Unity is one of the greatest agencies for clearness. If there is only one character of importance, or only one problem; if all the non-essentials are removed how can the thoughtful reader fail to understand the one essential? True the novels are long, true they are solidly paragraphed, true they may occasionally tire even the careful and interested reader, but fundamentally obscure they are not. Length, solid paragraphs, and the like are the result of a tremendously clarifying method; namely that of intensive exhibition.

Mr. James has, moreover, characteristic flashes of an astounding vividness that is as far above mere clearness as is clearness above chaos. He often shows a power of suggestion which in prose equals that of Keats in poetry. It is as if, at times, a single word or even so slight a thing as the position of an adverb were a magic spring at the very touch of which entire scenes, clearcut and dramatic, appear instantaneously upon the stage of imagination. Take, for instance, the following from *The Awkward Age*: " 'A Neapolitan?' Mr. Longdon seemed all civilly to wish he had only known it."

A simple passage, but one which without epithet or figure, by the apparently easy device of making the adverbs *all civilly* and *only* carry the burden of emphasis and of meaning, displays in life and action Mr. Longdon and his interlocutor. Take out

the adverbs and the sentence is colorless; leave them in and it is brilliantly scenic. Who can fail to visualize the two men—the listener, safe in his sophistication, waiting to see how his information is to be received; Mr. Longdon leaning forward slightly because he is not completely at ease with his initiated companion and wearing a somewhat perplexed and too-serious expression—the expression of a man earnestly making an effort to respond in the right way to the representative of a society whose language he fears he cannot speak otherwise than archaically.

Perhaps even more illuminating for a single character is this bit of description from *The Ambassadors*: "He really appeared to insist on that [that Europe had failed of its message for him] by just perching there with the gas in his eyes. This of itself somehow conveyed the futility of single rectifications in a multiform failure." This suggests volumes of history; it discloses in a twinkling the past of the weary pilgrim from Melrose. With terrible intensity one sees Waymarsh the disapproving, Waymarsh the man who lacked "a great capacity for life," Waymarsh the essentially narrow and provincial.

Passages such as these abound in the later novels and stories of our author. To say that they are lucid would be to put the case diffidently. To say that they illumine with rays which penetrate the hitherto opaque would be to put it with a fair degree of justness. The matter of chief concern, however, is that they will amply reward those who approach Mr. James's fiction unafraid in the face of the popular fallacy that the later manner is all but incomprehensible, and who by attentive reading confute, at least for themselves, that pernicious idea.

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THE SUBSTANCE OF POETRY

Perhaps the formulation of a statement that shall distinguish the substance of poetry from the substance of other kinds of art plunges the formulator into the most precarious of mental exercises. It has been tried by a great many adventurous spirits, but by no one with so much success as to close the question. The demonstration of the equality of the square on the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle with the sum of the squares on the other two sides remains unchallenged. No one offers to present a truer statement of the relations subsisting between these areas. It is not a matter of the variations of our human psychology. Poetry is something different in the very circumstance that its measure is not the fact of the outer world, but the inner evaluation of it by the individual man. It is as unstable as truth, and wiser men than Pontius Pilate have felt truth slipping under their feet or vanishing like a wraith into the clouds.

The question of the objective and the subjective and their relative place in the final art product is always a difficult one, but it is peculiarly so in poetry. How much shall the poet look in at himself, and how much outward at the world. How far may he go toward sentimentalism? How must he keep step with that prosaic, dull-eyed fellow-traveler, dusty old Matter of Fact? What are the actualities of which we must be most mindful in poetry, and how much may we give ourselves up to dreams? These questions are the more important because among the uninitiate,—both those informed of their condition and the sweetly unconscious,—sentimentalism and dreams are the conventional material of verse.

Shelley said that "poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best men." Definitions of that sort are pretty and alluring. They go not a little way toward disarming criticism, but both historically and psychologically they are inexact and unscientific. By that test Tom Moore might be made to appear a greater poet than Dante. Taking advantage of that mode of judgment, the placid and fortunate Longfellow might sing the "Psalm of Life" so tri-

umphantly that we should never hear the eternal "Nevermore" of Poe's "Raven."

Anything like a decisive judgment in so delicate a matter must seek a surer basis in the elemental stuff that distinguishes poetry from music and painting, disregarding sculpture and architecture as being more remote, and leaving prose literature for the time at one side. The business of music is very obviously with sound, and it is with sounds in themselves as having independently a satisfying quality. Music is a presentative, not a re-presentative art. There is such a thing as descriptive music, so called, but that, for reasons that would detain us too long, is not legitimate music. It is properly noise added to music. One thing that is perfectly obvious and that yet is sometimes deliberately ignored should be kept carefully in mind. The symbols of music are sounds that address themselves to the sense of hearing alone. They are not symbols of ideas. Separately or collectively or in series, as musical sounds, they have no meaning in the sense that they convey ideas, and can have none.

The painter works quite as obviously with form and color. It is the quality of some arrangement of forms and colors that he may properly put before us. At first glance this may seem no more than a transference from one sense to another, from hearing to sight. It is that; but there is in it also a deeper significance. It is a change from a presentative art to a re-presentative. Making the sound of the snorting of a horse on a musical instrument is not making music, no matter how perfect the representation. Putting a snorting horse on canvas for the eyes may be great painting, as anyone who has stood before Rosa Bonheur's wonderful picture at the Metropolitan Museum knows very well. The difference seems to be partly in the fact that no sound as mere imitation can sufficiently embody and symbolize for us the whole of the thing for which it may be meant to stand. Sound as a symbol seems never able to rise above the trivial or grotesque. In this character it cannot give the feeling of qualities at all as high as those with which it can affect us as pure sound.

It is the part of painting, then, to give pleasure by its material, form, and color, as material alone, and then beyond that

to give pleasure further by the quality of the things that have form and color,—man in his variety, the lower animate world in its multiplicity, the inanimate world in its vastness. It has within its scope a place for the limited expression of ideas, the partial representation of life. In comparison with literature, however, it can do this but incompletely, because it does not have a real language. Human speech has been arbitrarily shaped by man for the purpose of communicating his ideas. It is the only instrument that has been so shaped, the only instrument at all adequate to that end, and the art of literature is conditioned by the fact that its medium is a thought medium, just as the other arts are sense mediums and not thought mediums. Being so conditioned, literature, and as a part of literature, poetry, has ideas as its subject-matter, primarily ideas about life.

When you are told that there is more truth than poetry in something that you have just said, you accept the assurance as a compliment on the basis of a common error about poetry. To a very great number of persons, doubtless, poetry is reason taking holiday and giving itself up to the guidance of an imagination running riot in defiance of all the actualities. The trouble with this understanding is that, while it is not true, it has a touch of something so much like truth that the wayfaring man has a good chance of missing the straight road. That possibility of error lies close to the distinction between prose and poetry. If all literature is a criticism of life, as Matthew Arnold has told us truly enough, poetry is the more imaginative part of that criticism. It is life so seen and understood that it communicates a higher thrill, its quality so felt that it more completely detaches itself from its material embodiment and becomes a fine joy.

There is a story told of a little girl whose mother found her in the bath-room with her clothes very much bedraggled. Her explanation of her condition was: "I've been trying to walk on the water, but I want to tell you it's no fool's job." The adventurous youngster's problem is the problem of poetry. It must walk on the water. It must be supported by something within itself, in seeming, something that is not the solid earth of plain prose upon which even the hero of Molière's comedy is

delighted to find that he has always walked securely, and yet it must support itself as certainly as prose. The casual observer simply thinks that it does not support itself. He sees it as purposeless unreality tossing itself in the wind. It is a boy's kite held by a thread that may snap at any moment. To look up at it and see the tail wiggling and curling in the wind is pleasant, but, even though Franklin did use a kite to bring the lightning down to earth, it is worth no more than such a casual glance. Boys may enjoy it and the mothers of boys watching them at their play, but it is all only play.

There is some truth in this, because a great deal of what takes itself for poetry is only the flimsy play of a slack-rope walker's skirts. These are not very important in themselves, and they have very little relation to the current modes in dress. Moreover, their flutterings are most insubstantially supported in the air. It is only by incessant motion of some sort that the wearer of them keeps herself poised on the rope. Instability is the first word and the last word of her passage from one end of the rope to the other. It is only a show and a spectacle, and when all the tricks of balancing have been exhibited, the skirts and the wearer of them and the ropes and the supports that hold the ropes vanish, and nothing has been changed from what it was before. It is illusion and phantasmagoria that has passed, not an enduring verity, not even a symbol of the things that were and are and shall be.

There is an art of walking on the water. The child in the bath-room had not learned it and was not in a position to practise it. The technique of that art, however, is not especially recondite. Perhaps one may call the matter simple. Freeze the water. If it is not too shallow, only a crust of ice on top will be necessary. Connection with the solid fact of rock and sand and mud that make the earth will still be fluid, but it will be secure. Your feet will not be in the mire. They will also not be treading the clouds. At the same time, the mire will help to bear them up, and what supports them most immediately has been and again may be cloud.

All this is an attempt to distinguish between the fancy and the imagination. There are two words, fantasy and fancy, the rela-

tion between which is not sufficiently understood. They come from the same root, and a fantasy is only a little more unreal than a fancy. They are both more or less unregulated and undisciplined, more or less creatures of the slack-rope and the spangles, impatient of obedience to any laws, whether of nature or human nature, of reason or measure or good taste. Imagination is rooted etymologically and psychologically in the image, not the visual image especially, but images of all kinds, the first elements and groundwork of thought that the senses pour into the brain. Imagination is the rekindling of these, in the first forms and new combinations, but always in accordance with their characters and natures, in agreement with the laws of actuality by which they exist and have a place in the mind. Imagination is the higher faculty, because it creates, not caprices and wanton nothings, but existences that are firmly set in a real world, born of its laws and revealing its quality, not necessarily recording its fact, but not denying it, walking the water, not as a miracle of triumph over the nature of water, but as an achievement through knowledge of its various manifestations.

The highest reality which can concern us and which can enter largely into human thought and speech is man beating out his destiny in his world. Life as man lives it is the great subject of poetry, and poetry is to be distinguished from prose on the one side and from vaporings that are not poetry on the other by the degree in which it carries itself above the loose débris of matter of fact and refuses to don the antic robes of harlequin and follow vagrant fancy. It is seeing true and seeing far and feeling the quality of what he sees intensely that makes the poet. His first gift is imagination, imagination that knows the big for big and the little for little, that is not tricked by the trivial, that is not awed by the merely voluminous, that determines value and quality justly with a clear eye for the larger issues of life.

Shifting as are the boundaries between music and painting and literature, and between poetry and prose as literary forms, we may none the less locate approximately the points at which one passes into another and becomes distinct from that other. Music is primarily the art of sound, and of sound such as creates a mood. That effect is dependent upon the play of the sound

on the senses, and not upon intellectual recognitions. The sound itself, or more properly the succession of sounds, may be something before unknown to the hearer, something freshly presented and so presented as without relation to anything previously in the hearer's experience. It has no direct relation to life, except as in a particular hearer it may arouse memories that have been a part of experience and so a part of life. This connotation of music, if the memory revived by it may be so called, must vary with the hearer. It comes from the listener himself, and not from the music. Since the re-presentative part of the experience does not come from the music, it follows that the music is presentative, that is, it presents sounds and does not represent life. It has only a loose contact with life in the circumstance that one who has been excited by music is by so much the more alive and by so much the more lets his faculties flow out toward life. This kindling of his feelings may make him transfer the sense of a new influx of life to the music, as if it were a part of its substance. That is a natural error, but it is error. The substance of music is sound, and not life. It presents tone for its own sake as something interesting and beautiful in itself, and not as something representing life.

Painting seems obviously nearer to life, because it represents things that are a part of life, animate and inanimate, with a very much greater approach to totality. Form and color body forth the thing itself more completely than sound, and they certify to a correspondence between inner reality and outer reality such as cannot come within the compass of music. Painting, then, as a representative art, has certain aspects of life as its subject-matter. Because it is a representative art and because at the same time it can represent certain aspects of life only, it has an upper and a lower limitation, that is, a limitation in its movement toward the representation of life and a limit in its return to the presentation of form and color as its elementary material. A painting should not tell a story, because painting is an art of the stationary. It brings things before the mind as they are at a given moment, and it is only by some trick like that of the cartoonist's label that it can be made to look before and after. It is then something outside the picture that the observer in part

enjoys, something for which the painting itself is only a kind of symbol. It so becomes a partial hieroglyphic, a step on the road to the art of letters, but by so much the less a work of art in itself, because it is by so much the more a part of the mechanic process of another art.

On the other hand, since it is an art of representation and may put before us the show of life itself, even though it be in its most fleeting moments, it should not be satisfied with the presentation of form and color for their own sakes. It is the function of music so to confine itself to the sense symbol, the sense appeal. It is not the function of painting.

As form and color are but the superficial dress of painting, and not its real subject-matter, so melody and movement and imagery giving warmth to the shapes and hues of reality are but the more readily realized appearances of poetry. Its more intimate substance is life in all its semblances. Ideally it is the life of man in his higher moments, man as a creature of desires and impulses, but also as a creature of ideas and purposes and a moving throng of fancies and imaginations capturing the will. It is life in its highest reaches that makes poetry, not the life of the caterpillar, but the life of a being of a higher sentience capable of thrilling in the rush of his experiences. The flower in the crannied wall may be the starting point of that sweep of passion, but it is not the passion of poetry until the flower has become so deeply a part of man's world that it is in its measure the arbiter of his destinies. Here we have representative art at its fullest, endowed with symbols for bringing before us the all of life. As literature it must not stay in its symbols. It must not halt before the image, but point us to its inner reality. All life is its province, but it is thinking too lightly of human nature to expect man to thrill over isolated and trivial phenomena seen apart from their dependencies.

For poetry, as distinct from prose, the thrill is very much a necessity. That is the justification for Milton's dictum that poetry should be "simple, sensuous, and passionate." Prose may be good prose without meeting any of these requirements, but poetry must give its lightest utterance some tremor of response to the ultimate joy and sorrow of the world. The shadow

passing across the sun is neither gloom nor beauty till man has thought of it as changing, not *a* sky but *his* sky. So it is that poetry centres in man as a being making sentience out of his senses. So it is that poetry is intensely the life of mind, bringing together the near and the far, reading the symbol as the symbol and then looking beyond it to the thing symbolized, to the more enduring verities, through the flower to the recurrent spring and the seed dropping to the mellow autumn mould under the leaves.

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LUCIAN AND HIS TRANSLATORS

I

One of the most important literary undertakings of our day is the publication of the *Loeb Classical Library*, which is planned to include "all that is best in Greek and Latin literature from the time of Homer to the fall of Constantinople." No enterprise of the kind has ever been conceived upon such a comprehensive and generous scale. It will do much to restore the waning prestige of the Ancient Classics, by making them easily accessible through an apparatus of text and translation unrivalled for convenience and completeness.

Of all the authors contained in this Series, few, if any, are so full of interest and entertainment for modern readers as Lucian of Samosata:—

"The sage who laughed the world away,
Who mocked at gods and men and care;
More sweet of voice than Rabelais,
And lighter-hearted than Voltaire."

His life spanned the last three quarters of the second century, or the age of the Antonines. Though of humble origin in a remote city upon the upper Euphrates, he learned to write Greek with the grace and elegance of an Athenian.

Why his writings should attract readers of our own day is readily understood when we remind ourselves that "he was the first of the moderns," as the French critic, Constant Martha, calls him in *Les Moralistes sous l' Empire Romain*. In his type of mind, his practical way of looking at life, and his literary style he bears the unmistakable stamp of modernity. He possessed the genuine art of the story-teller and blazed a new path in literature, which many have followed since his time. Light literature, as we call it, the consummate flower of the literary development of the last two or three centuries, harks back to the second century, to Lucian as its *avant-coureur*, the pioneer in this form of literary expression. Dialogue, the soul, or central feature, around which the modern novel revolves, he was the first to use as the facile instrument of his own genius

after the fashion of the novelist of to-day. Hitherto it had been associated with philosophic gravity, as in the dialogues of Plato and Xenophon. But he stripped it of the sober dignity with which philosophy had clothed it, and made it the ready servant of rollicksome laughter and biting satire.

The quality of his thought, his literary methods and the spirit and temperament of the man himself have such a close affinity with theirs, that he has been called the Swift, or Voltaire, the Rabelais, or Heine of his time; and he has enough in common with each to suggest, if not fully to justify, the comparison. Far more aptly he may be likened to our own Mark Twain, who would recognize in him a fellow-craftsman of similar gifts, tastes, and sympathies. He had the same rollicking humor that distinguishes the author of *Huckleberry Finn*, *Tom Sawyer*, and *Innocents Abroad*.

Lucian was a man of wide knowledge of the world about him, a shrewd and penetrating observer, skillful in the delineation of character and of rare dramatic power. He had a fertile imagination and a poetic temperament, with a ready command of the resources of Greek literature and mythologic lore. Moreover, he was endowed with gifts of wit and satire seldom equalled in literature, with which he smote the shams and follies of his own day. And, withal, he was a man of independence and moral courage. Here was a conjunction of qualities that would bring him distinction in the literature of any age.

After Lucian's death near the end of the second century, his writings, like many "best-sellers" of to-day, seem to have passed for a time into a partial eclipse. Such writers as refer to him at all scarcely more than mention his name with a few of his works. Because of his mordant assaults upon the Pagan Olympus, pagan writers studiously ignored him, or heaped upon him opprobrium and detraction. They naturally entertained no friendly feeling toward one in whose writings their adversaries had found an arsenal of weapons. The early Christian writers, though repelled by his agnostic tendencies, were glad to avail themselves of the ammunition he had placed in their hands with which to attack the system of paganism. In the Middle Ages Christianity, now become the arbiter of pagan reputations, regarded him

with aversion as an Epicurean — though in reality he had no sympathy with that school of thought — and as an unbeliever who it was mistakenly charged had spoken irreverently of "The Faith." At the same time it approved the satirist who had turned the Olympian gods into derision; and it accepted with favor certain sentiments of the moralist, especially his habit of estimating the good things of this life from the point-of-view of death. In like manner the Byzantine Scholiasts studied his works and sought to profit by whatever excellences they found in them, although, taking counsel of prejudice and misconception, they described him as an atheist, a blasphemer, and an apostate from Christianity. That his writings were even at that time much read and admired is attested by the imitations that have come down to us.

It is a remarkable testimony to the vitality of Lucian's work that substantially all of his writings—at least all of any importance—survived the thousand years known as the Dark Age and the Age of Feudalism, when Greek studies reached the lowest ebb of neglect. The wider influence of Lucian dates from the Renaissance with its intense enthusiasm for Greek learning. It was then that he began to receive a juster and more generous appreciation. Not a few writers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were indebted to him; and he has been translated into most of the languages of Europe, notably into English, French, and German.

II

Quite as much as the composition of an original work, translation from one language into another is itself an art, subject to certain canons of its own. The quality of a translation depends upon the translator's theory of rendition and the method he adopts.

There are three types, or methods: First, the literal or word-for-word version, in which the translator endeavors to reproduce the meaning of every word of the original. Its idioms are many of them transferred bodily into the new language, or are so little disguised as to remind one continually that the work is a translation. It should be recognized, however, that it is not

always the highest praise to say of a translation that its form conveys no suggestion of the language from which it was made. A dash now and then of the "foreign accent" will often add to its charm, opening a window, as it were, through which the reader catches a nearer glimpse of the author himself.

The second type, or method, is the free rendering, in which freedom is often carried so far as to make of the translation not much more than a paraphrase of the original. Unless managed with special care and skill a free rendering is in danger of losing the native strength and vigor of the original and becomes a weak dilution. On the other hand it may be spirited and in good English and yet fail to give a full and exact transcript of the thought. Now something is added, now omitted. Or it gives a new turn to the thought not intended by the original author, even sometimes substituting a quite different idea, making him say things that were not in his mind. A free rendering, or a paraphrase, is hardly fair to the author translated, to his thought or to his style, nor to the reader himself, who is left to imagine that he has been faithfully introduced to the writer it professes to interpret.

In the third method the translator seeks first of all to cultivate a sympathetic acquaintance with the personality of his author, to place himself, so far as possible, at his point of view, and, so to speak, to breathe his mental and spiritual atmosphere. Next, it is a matter of conscience with him to transfer the entire thought of the original text, its finer shadings, as well as broad outlines. He will follow closely the rhetorical form and sequence of the thoughts so as to preserve their cumulative effect, neither adding to nor subtracting from the meaning, nor substituting an idea of his own for that of the author himself. Not, however, with obtrusive, meticulous literalness, for he will strive to make the translation so idiomatic that it shall wear the semblance almost of an original work in the new language, as if to the manner born. At the same time he will seek to retain the essential life and spirit, the peculiar flavor and bouquet of the original.

This last method is especially necessary in translating such authors as Plato and Lucian. With them, as with Dickens, the difficulty is not so much in translating their thought, as in

translating those elusive, impalpable elements, summed up in the word "style." It is here that even the best renditions are apt to fall short of complete success. In the last analysis they give us something more or less different from the original author.

III

Were Lucian now to make the return voyage in Charon's boat—he seems to have entertained a sincere regard for the rough old ferryman—he would, no doubt, feel highly complimented to find that few ancient authors have attracted so many translators—from Erasmus, who as a satirist of the monks and theologians, the superstition and ignorance of his own day, proved himself the heir of Lucian's spirit—to the latest translation now in course of publication in the *Loeb Classical Library*. Probably he would find none of them altogether to his mind. Perhaps he would be strongly tempted to hit off their defects in an Auction of Translators, with some modern Hermes as auctioneer, after the manner of his famous "Auction of Philosophers." In such a *jeu d'esprit* it is to be feared that some would bring only the paltry trifle for which Diogenes sold; some, perhaps, would prove quite unsalable, like Aristippus, Democritus, or Heraclitus; while here and there one would command a high figure with Aristotle or Socrates.

The earliest extant versions in English of any of Lucian's writings are those of Jasper Mayne and Francis Hicks, published jointly in 1664. Probably the first to attempt his entire works was Ferrand Spence, whose translation appeared in five volumes (London, 1684-85). It was hardly more than a paraphrase and occasioned the remark that "Spence was so cunning a translator, that a man must read the original in order to understand the version." The next version, a partial one published in 1711, was that of "Several Eminent Hands," who secluded their eminency behind the poet John Dryden, the writer of the introduction. Their eminence did not insure them against numerous inaccuracies, though now and then the translation catches something of the spirit of the original. A few selections appeared in the works of Walter Moyle (1727). During the years 1774-98 John Carr

published his version in five volumes. It was not a work of sufficient merit to bear comparison with the translation in four volumes made about the same time (1781) by Doctor Thomas Francklin, sometime professor of Greek at the English Cambridge. In 1820 William Tooke brought out his in two volumes. Though based upon the admirable German version by the poet Wieland (six volumes, 1788-89), Tooke's work failed to exploit the valuable features of Wieland and abounds in inaccuracies, while its characteristic manner and tone misrepresent the real spirit of the original.

Of all these renderings Doctor Francklin's is by far the best and is in some respects of a high order. For a hundred years it remained the standard version. Francklin belongs to the second or free type of translator. His English is generally clear, dignified, and well chosen, but the version is not now regarded as an accurate translation in any strict sense of the term. It has many of the common faults of the free method of interpretation.

IV

After an interruption of nearly three quarters of a century there has come within the last thirty years a new renaissance of Lucianic translation, due in part, perhaps, to the fact that colleges have recognized Lucian in their Greek courses, which formerly were confined to authors of the Classical Period only. Four small volumes have appeared, all of them scholarly and of creditable workmanship, but none of them of distinguished merit. The volume (New York, 1892) by Miss Emily James Smith contains nine titles, five of which represent some of Lucian's best work, including *A True History*, *The Cock*, *Zeus the Tragedian*, and *The Sale of Lives*. Two of the nine pieces, *Lucius or the Ass*, and *The Halcyon*, are of rather slight consequence; and the best editors regard them as of very doubtful authenticity. The translation follows closely the thought of the original, but not too literally, and is uniformly couched in unaffected, readable English, but lacks much of Lucian's animation of style and flow of spirits.

Of much the same type and the same general characteristics is the attractive volume by Sidney T. Irwin (London, 1894),

comprising six titles, three of them, *Icaromenippus*, *The Cock*, and *The Parasite*, among Lucian's more important writings, with *The Ship or The Wishes*, *The Lover of Falsehood* and *Nigrinus*, of lesser interest. Mr. Irwin's Introduction is especially well conceived. In it he justifies his contribution to the already numerous translations of Lucian in the words of Diogenes (quoted from Lucian's *How to Write History*) as he rolled his tub up and down during the bustle of preparation for the Corinthian War — "I thought it a pity, where so many were busily employed, even to seem to be inactive." Mr. Irwin's rendition is agreeable in style and retains something of the vivacity and spirit of the original.

Lucian has attracted another lady translator, Miss Augusta M. Campbell Davidson, who published a small volume (London, 1901) containing seven selections: *The Sale of Lives*, *Concerning Paid Companions*, *Zeus the Tragedian*, *Hermotimus on the Sects*, *The True History*, *Alexander the False Prophet*, and *The Orator's Guide*,—the last, one of the least interesting and valuable of Lucian's writings. Miss Davidson's version bears the marks of the genuine scholar; but the English style is inclined to be somewhat stiff and prim, especially noticeable in contrast with Lucian's ease and exuberant life.

In the *Bohn Classical Series*, that guide, philosopher, and friend to so many generations of college students, there is a minor version of Lucian by Mr. Howard Williams (London, 1903). According to their main intent most of Lucian's writings may be roughly classified as Satires upon the Pagan Olympus; upon the Philosophers; and upon Human Life and Society. Mr. Williams's selections belong almost exclusively to the first of these groups, or the so-called "theological" dialogues, and include *The Dialogues of the Gods* and of *The Sea Gods*, *The Dialogues of the Dead*, *Zeus the Tragedian*, *The Convicted Zeus*, *The Convention of the Gods*, *The Ferry-boat*, and *Menippus, or the Oracle of the Dead*. The titles represent but one phase of Lucian's work, and that, perhaps, of least interest to the modern reader. The translator's method, as frankly set forth in the preface, is "to adhere as closely to the original, as essential differences of idiom allow," without aspiring "to represent

Lucian's peculiar graces of style." He disclaims any effort to make a "spirited" rendering, which he appears to regard as incompatible with strict fidelity to the original." This theory, or method, is exemplified in the translation. For the most part the formal meaning of the text is conveyed with clearness and accuracy. The style, however, lacks colloquial ease and a ready command of the lighter resources of language, without which the translator inevitably fails to reflect Lucian's play of fancy and spirit, or to make his buoyant personality live and breathe in the translation.

A more comprehensive version than these four small volumes is that which appeared under the title—*A Second Century Satirist, or Dialogues and Stories from Lucian of Samosata* (Philadelphia, 1901). It contains in one large volume forty of the eighty-two titles usually attributed to Lucian, including twelve of the more important and interesting of his longer stories, and twenty-eight of those unique *jeux d'esprit*, *The Dialogues of the Gods* and *The Dialogues of the Dead*. This version is an example of the third type or method of interpretation. It is literal, in the sense that it reproduces the author's thought with conscientious exactness. At the same time the style is idiomatic and vivacious. The translator has been at no little pains to preserve the life and warmth, the bouquet, of the original, halting not at the use of familiar, colloquial language when the text seemed to warrant it. It is difficult to hit just the right level of colloquial English suited to such a style as Lucian's without the risk of overstepping the mark. A translation will be judged largely by the skill with which the colloquial quality of the novelist is employed. It is in this particular that renditions of Lucian most frequently fail to reach the ideal standard. Here and there in this version the colloquial tone is, perhaps, somewhat overdone, a fault, however, in the right direction; but the liveliness of the style is uniformly maintained without resort to such doubtful devices. Preceding the translation there is a clear, practical, and notably complete study of Lucian, as man and author. Four pieces—*Charon or Seeing the Sights*, *Zeus in Heroics*, *Timon, the Misanthrope*, and *The Angler or the Resurrection*—are arranged in dramatic form, which adds to the graphic

effect of the translation. Full notes — too full, perhaps, but interesting and illuminating for the general reader — are placed at the foot of the page, where they ought to be, if they ought to be at all. The London *Saturday Review* said of this version as a whole: "It has all the attractiveness of an original work."

V

The only version published since about one hundred years ago, of all the eighty-two writings credited to Lucian, is that in four volumes by H. W. and F. G. Fowler (London, 1905). It is throughout a scholarly production and shows an easy command of well-phrased, fluent, and idiomatic English, with little to remind one that it is a translation. It marks a distinct advance upon all preceding versions of his complete works.

The translators follow in the main the second or more or less free method, falling into some of its incidental faults. Not that the version could be called a paraphrase, though at times it steers perilously near the border-line and even passes beyond, instead of travelling the plain highway staked off by the author's text. With all its prime excellences it has certain limitations. In the effort, apparently, to avoid a too literal version the translation not infrequently departs unnecessarily from the literal rendering, even when that gives the precise meaning in equally expressive and idiomatic English. Sometimes a part of the thought is left out; or something not warranted by the text is added; or even a new or derivative sense is substituted for the evident meaning. A striking characteristic of Lucian's style is its concrete realism. Ideas are expressed in concrete rather than abstract forms. This translation, however, replaces at times the realistic or concrete with a general and more or less abstract meaning, much to the loss of the graphic, vivid, and picturesque realism of the original.

Here is a simple illustration of the translators' methods as shown in the twenty-sixth *Dialogue of the Gods*. At a loss how to distinguish Castor and Pollux, Apollo asks Hermes to tell him. He then continues: "Why in the world are they never both with us at the same time, but each takes his turn at being a dead man and a god?" Hermes replies that "of their own free

will, out of brotherly love, they alternately share immortality between them." Then Apollo speaks: "Not a sensible arrangement, Hermes! Anyhow, in this way they will never see each other, the very thing, I fancy, they desired most. Why! how could they, when one is with the gods and the other with the dead?" Here we have the precise thoughts of the original in their normal order, closing with the rhetorical question, which Lucian often introduces for the sake of emphasis and animation. Contrast with this the Fowlers' rendering: "Rather a stupid way of doing it! If one of them is to be in heaven, whilst the other is underground, they will never see one another at all; and I suppose that is just what they wanted to do." Certainly a weaker rendering, disregarding, as it does, the textual order of the thought and omitting the rhetorical question, which adds to the force and sprightliness of Apollo's remarks. Then calling attention to the fact that the gods in general practise some useful profession, Apollo proceeds to inquire (according to the Fowlers' version), "Now what are these two going to do? Surely, two such great fellows are not to have a lazy time of it?" But this is what the text puts into Apollo's mouth: "Now what shall these do for us? Are they to live without labor and fare sumptuously—such powerful fellows, too?"—Lucian's concrete way of expressing himself, which the translator paraphrases into "have a lazy time of it." Note also the stronger rhetorical effect produced by placing "such powerful fellows" last, as in the original text. Apollo ends the dialogue with the remark: "You say life-saving is their profession. What a noble one, Hermes!"—a rendering not only true to the text, but more expressive than the translators' paraphrase—"A most humane profession!" Nothing is gained and in general much is lost by not permitting Lucian to tell his story in his own way. He was a practiced rhetorician, which appears in the order in which he arranges and develops his thoughts, and in the rhetorical devices he employs to impart energy and life to his style. While giving, it may be, the essential meaning, this translation often misses the full rhetorical effect by neglecting to retain these devices, or to observe the order in which ideas are presented in the text. The translator of Lucian needs to be keenly sensitive to the rhetorical characteristics of

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his style. With few exceptions his literary manners would find themselves quite at home in the language of to-day, he was so much of a modern.

Lucian's Greek is strictly "elegant," with few variations from the usage of the great masters, whom he had set before himself as his ideal. Yet he did not altogether eschew the familiar and colloquial. To this is due something of the naturalness and animation, which ally him with the novelist of to-day. His easy, unaffected style is best represented by a judicious use of informal, colloquial English. Most translators exercise undue restraint in this respect, through fear, perhaps, of being regarded as unscholarly, or of lowering the literary dignity of the translation. Lucian would have little patience with such considerations, though he was himself very much of a stylist. The colloquial is not to be confused with slang, as is often done; it is not coarse or low; nor is it necessarily incorrect or unliterary. Many colloquialisms have a recognized and legitimate standing in literary expression, especially in the novel and in the literature of wit, humor, and satire, of which Lucian and Mark Twain were master hands. In general the style of the Messrs. Fowler possesses an agreeable lightness of touch; and a quiet, restrained geniality pursues the even tenor of its way throughout. But their version would lose nothing, on the contrary it would gain much, in force, vivacity, and raciness, were the colloquial element more pronounced. It would in no way impair the literary finish of the work.

To some these various deductions may appear of trifling moment, mere specks upon the surface of what many would regard as an almost perfect fruit; but they are important enough to show that the version would measure up to a much higher level of execution under a somewhat different theory of translation. Excellent as it is in many important particulars and high as it ranks among its fellows, it might easily have given us a more faithful portraiture, indeed, as nearly as possible, the very image of the original.

VI

The latest translation of Lucian's entire works is that now in course of publication as a part of the *Loeb Classical Library*.

It is to be in seven volumes, two of which have appeared within the last five years. This first instalment indicates sufficiently the characteristics of the translation, which is being made by Dr. Austin M. Harmon.

Imagine with what satisfaction — even delight — Lucian himself would find the translation in this edition face to face with his own Greek, for the reader to compare the two. For, however attractive superficially a translation may appear, no one is prepared to pass judgment upon its quality without first placing text and rendition side by side. "Ah!" Lucian would say, "now we have a hold upon our translator. There stands the inexorable text directly confronting him and ready on the spot to convict of errors, of omissions or commissions, of lapses into paraphrase, or of other faults to which an unwary translator is exposed. Now he will have to be on his good behavior and mind his P's and Q's. He will hardly have the assurance to try and palm off upon the reader a paraphrase, make me say things I never once thought of, or substitute his own manners for mine. Yes, he will have to study my features well before he paints them upon the canvas, else the critical reader will not recognize the portrait."

In general, Professor Harmon's version conforms to the principles outlined under the third type or method of translating. His aim, apparently, has been to give the meaning, the whole meaning and nothing but the meaning, the primary tenet of the true translator's creed. Comparison with the original shows that the translation seldom fails to meet this test. In this respect it is superior to the version of the Messrs. Fowler. Nor does it emasculate the author's meaning by lapsing every now and then into paraphrase.

Thorough search will discover hardly a single error of any importance. Not that the translation is free from an occasional mistake. Even that marvel of the translator's art—Dr. Jowett's Plato—few if any scholars would absolve altogether from flaws; few would say that in every instance he has caught Plato's precise meaning. It would be a marvel if he had. The wonder is that he has approached so near perfection.

Lucian is almost invariably lucid and perspicuous. To a contemporary Greek his meaning no doubt would always be clear.

But to us moderns there is now and then some difficulty in getting at his real meaning, because of the conciseness with which a thought is struck off, or because of some obscurity which would make more than one sense possible. It is not necessarily to be accounted an error if translators differ among themselves in rendering such a word or passage.

The translation now under consideration fulfils the first requisite — accuracy and exactness of interpretation. If this be supplemented by a finished literary style, the ease and fluent grace of the novelist, then we should have a rendition that would meet the two essential requirements of an adequate piece of work — faithfulness to the thought and perfection of literary form. In the latter respect this version falls somewhat short of supreme excellence. Although the style is in general attractive and felicitous, there is at times a certain lack of facility in handling the dialogue, as in the rapid fire of repartee in *The Philosophers for Sale*, where the methods of the practised novelist would impart greater ease, fluency, and naturalness to the converse of the various interlocutors. So also in *The Downward Journey*, one of the most powerfully dramatic of Lucian's writings. What "The Autocrat" told his fellow-guests at the breakfast table — "People should dovetail together like properly built mahogany furniture" — holds true of the interlocutions of the characters in a dialogue. While in general the translator's style preserves very well Lucian's characteristic tone, the *allégresse* or liveliness of the translation, and the mobility and spontaneity of the conversations would be helped by a larger use of the colloquial manner.

To translate Greek poetry in metrical form is confessedly a difficult task, calling for special skill. Neither the Messrs. Fowler nor Dr. Harmon can be called altogether happy in rendering Lucian's numerous poetical quotations and parodies. Their renditions are, many of them, rather labored, lacking more or less in smooth, rhythmical grace. Here is the Fowlers' translation of Hermes' proclamation summoning the gods together in *Zeus Tragædus*, or *Zeus Rants*, as Professor Harmon renders the title; better rendered, *Zeus in Tragic Rôle*, or *Zeus in Heroics*:—

"Let ne'er a God (tum, tum), nor eke a Goddess,
 Nor yet of Ocean's rivers one be wanting,
 Nor nymphs; but gather to great Zeus's council;
 And all that feast on glorious hecatombs,
 Yea, middle and lower classes of Divinity,
 Or nameless ones that snuff far fumes."

Place beside this Dr. Harmon's rendering:—

"Never a man of the gods bide away, nor ever a woman;
 Never a stream stay at home, save only the river of ocean;
 Never a nymph; to the palace of Zeus you're to come in a body,
 There to confer. I bid all, whether feasters on hecatombs famous,
 Whether the class you belong to be middle or lowest, or even
 Nameless you sit beside altars that yield ye no savoury odors."

This is better and more rhythmical than the Fowlers' rendition. Though somewhat diffuse, it is not unsuccessful as an attempt to reproduce the hexameters of the original, a difficult metre, as yet hardly acclimated in English verse. May we venture to offer a third rendering?—

Ho! All ye gods, female and male alike,
 And all ye streams, save Ocean's circling tide!
 Let no one stay his gait! Nor any nymph!
 But hie to hall of Zeus and council board!
 Come all who feast on splendid hecatombs;
 And ye, who midmost sit, or farthest back,
 Or nameless dwell by fragrant altars' side!

In the same selection Hermagoras, a famous statue of Hermes in the market-place at Athens, is represented as coming in hot haste with news for Zeus from the scene of strife between Damis and Timocles. In reply to the request of Zeus for the latest news Hermagoras drops into iambs, which Professor Harmon renders as follows:—

"It fell just now that they who work in bronze
 Had smeared me o'er with pitch on breast and back;
 A funny corslet round my body hung,
 Conformed by imitative cleverness
 To take the full impression of the bronze.
 I saw a crowd advancing with a pair
 Of sallow bawlers, warriors with words,
 Hight Damis, one——"

Here is the Fowlers' rendering of the same passage:—

"It chanced of late that by the statuary
 My breast and back were plastered o'er with pitch.

A mock cuirass tight-clinging hung, to ape
My bronze, and take the seal of its impression.
Sparring amain, vociferating logic;
'Twas Damis and——"

Will it be presumptuous to suggest the following alternative rendering?—

I chanced just now, by the workers in bronze, to be daubed
With pitch before and behind; a coat of mail—
Oh how I laughed!—around my body framed,
To its place was raised, and caught with mimic art
The perfect imprint of the bronze. Just then
I see a crowd approach and fellows two
Of pallid hue and strident voice; and e'en
As boxers fight, they spar with quibble and quirk.
'Twas Damis and——

"Zeus (*interrupting*): My dear Hermagoras, have done with your iambs! I know whom you mean."

The five volumes of Dr. Harmon's version that remain to be published, will doubtless match the substantial scholarly qualities of the two already issued. When completed, his version will at least not suffer by comparison with the best of its predecessors. It will be a worthy compeer of any of its associates in the *Loeb Classical Library*.

Lucian's writings belong in the category of what have been called works of "style and vision," the literature of the spirit, including poets, dramatists, and orators, and the various forms of "polite literature." For the translator he presents the difficulty, peculiar to this class of writings as distinguished from historical works and works of knowledge, of reproducing his atmosphere, the characteristic aroma of his style. While the more recent versions are as a rule superior to those of a hundred and more years ago, probably it will be generally conceded that none of them is in all respects the ideal rendering. But when the finest Greek scholarship and a genius for literary appreciation and literary expression are yoked together in the same translator, may we not expect to have a translation that will measure up to the highest attainable standard and will be the definitive version, at least until the scholars of a later age shall try their hand to see if they can improve upon it?

WINTHROP DUDLEY SHELDON.

Philadelphia, Pa.

SHELLEY'S *ADONAIS* AND SWINBURNE'S
AVE ATQUE VALE

To a poet alone is it given fully to understand the soul of another poet, and to commemorate in verse the fame of a brother poet wronged in life is one of the noblest tasks to which he can devote his talent. Such was Shelley's generous tribute to the memory of Keats when he wrote the elegy which some consider the fine flower of his genius,—the *Adonais*. No other poet of the time, or indeed of later times, could have been better suited to eulogize John Keats. Byron had vacillated between praise and contempt in accordance with public opinion, nor had he perhaps the insight or sympathy possessed by the sensitive nature of Shelley. This "child of the Revolution," fired as he had been from boyhood with a strong sense of justice, and hatred of oppression, was preëminently fitted for the task by these elements of his nature rather than by any ties of personal friendship. There is nowhere record, I believe, of his having known Keats except through the latter's reputation as a poet, though Shelley sent word to Keats to visit him on his intended journey to Italy as a last resource for failing health. Keats did not—probably was not able—to avail himself of this invitation, given, we infer, by Shelley not to Keats as a friend, but as a genius abused by a dull, unthinking public. It is undoubted, however, that Shelley felt interest in Keats during the latter's lifetime, and indignation at his untimely death, caused, so Shelley believed, by the harsh criticisms of reviewers. This same motive of tribute from a kindred soul to one misunderstood in his own day no doubt inspired Swinburne to write the lines of his *Ave atque Vale*, in memory of the poet Baudelaire. Like the *Adonais*, it is the eulogy of one poet by another, but aside from this main point of contact, the poems show much dissimilarity.

It is rather unfair to compare such a work as the *Ave atque Vale* with the *Adonais*. They are works on different levels, as I conceive of them—not only because Shelley's ethereal, flame-like spirit swept his lines to the noblest heights, while Swinburne's verse, exquisite and musical though it is, does not rise

to the distinction of great poetry, but because the poets who are eulogized are so radically different in character. To mention the name of Charles Baudelaire, considered either in the capacity of man or poet, with that of Keats is to many minds a sort of sacrilege. The Englishman was a poet who never considered that his calling gave him license in morals as well as in art, as Baudelaire thought; that is, if he thought of the matter at all. At least it has never been shown that Keats was a man of other than blameless life in all his relations, not only with friends and family, but in his unhappy connection with Miss Brawne; and in the cruel indictments he received from Scotch reviewers he gave proof of a high-minded and noble nature. Baudelaire, on the other hand, is a man whose character, at least, is perhaps the better for not being discussed. But as we cannot adequately appreciate the *Ave atque Vale* without some conception of the man about whom it was written, it seems not out of place to devote some time to a discussion of his personality.

The best—and latest—interpretation of Baudelaire is to be found in a volume of essays which Mr. James Huneker published under the title of *Egoists*,—and of such was Baudelaire. Here is a really brilliant exposition of the French poet's genius. His work,—exotic, unhealthy, almost poisonous in its atmosphere, cannot stand for an instant the comparison with the poems of Keats. It is true that, like the English poet, his heart and spirit were set on fire by the beautiful, but we must here draw the careful distinction that while Keats enriched his lines with the beauty of the senses, he was never sensual,—never, indeed, approached it,—while Baudelaire not only approached, but arrived. "A glorious devil, large in heart and brain, that did love beauty only," Tennyson calls the Frenchman. But Baudelaire did not have, like Keats, the simple, whole-souled and wholesome love of beauty; there were many other elements in the fibres of his nature which make an appreciation of his peculiar personality more or less complex. He was, besides a writer of poetry, a critic of art, sculpture, and painting; indeed it is his critical ability alone which Huneker considers as sane and logical. "There was," says Huneker, "in his nature a strange combination of Coleridge, Byron, Poe and De Quincey";

indeed, he translated the works of the two last-named writers so well that many preferred the Baudelaire version to the original. Mr. Huneker characterizes this Frenchman, "The last of the romantics, and the moderns," as "the evil archangel of poetry"; "the supreme master of irony and troubled voluptuousness." His volume *Les Fleurs du Mal*, that book of opals, blood, and evil swamp-flowers, is the result of a constitution shattered by drugs and drink, an apparent love of evil *per se* mixed with a sense of exotic beauty, and a desire to make himself appear far worse than he really was. For "this poet of perfumes and patron saint of ennui" was a decided *poseur*; there was no excess of folly to which he would not lend himself for the sake of notoriety. Such remarks as "Have you ever eaten a baby? I find it pleasing to the palate," or "The night I killed my father," uttered in cafés to startle the bourgeois, were not so much evidences of insanity as the incense which he burnt before the altar of his own sublime and morbid egoism. And while he may indeed be "an exotic gem in the crown of French poetry," while his work may have possessed many elements of high artistic merit, we cannot altogether separate the work and the man, so indissolubly are they associated. But, while pitying him for the inherent morbidity of mind which cursed his life, and scorning him for the paltriness of his egotism, we must refuse to grant him a place in the same category with Keats. Never did Baudelaire compose one line of deathless fame, or any passage which haunts the memory, such as—

"The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

Baudelaire's was not poetic imagination of the highest sort, or indeed of any real elevation of spirit, and in comparison with Keats, modest in life, though he hoped to be among the English poets after death, he falls far short as a man.

But to turn to the poems themselves, both as art products and as appreciations. The work of Swinburne, in the mere matter of form, is perhaps on a higher level than that of Shelley. It is a unified whole, in that the treatment of the theme in hand

never wanders from its main subject — the appreciation and interpretation of the dead poet. Shelley's poem, on the other hand, may be broken up into several sections. The first is a general lament for Keats's untimely loss; his mourners are Urania, here conceived to be the goddess of loftiest poetry who bewails "the nursling of her widowhood," and "Dreams, the passion-winged ministers of thought," typified as Splendors, Adorations, Desires, and Fantasies. This is following closely the classical models in thought with change of name; in the lament of Bion for Adonis, Venus mourns the youth so cruelly slain, and in both this elegy and that of Moschus for Bion all the forces of nature are called upon to lend their voices to the cry of universal sorrow. Next, Shelley takes up the attack of the critics, given in the tender reproaches of Urania, while the mourners of the dead appear to do him honor, fellow-poets, as is fitting—Byron, Moore, Leigh Hunt, and Shelley himself. Their lament ended, the poem, though not disregarding its elegaic character, merges the lament with the consideration of immortality.

Simply on the formal side, then, the *Ave atque Vale* bears the marks of superior workmanship. If, however, one is willing to waive the question of a rigorous unity and consider the poem for oneness of tone and feeling, the *Adonais* will stand the test of analysis. We remember it afterwards, in spite of its several divisions (which, after all, do not mar it save in a very technical sense) with a grand totality of impression; we think of the lines throughout as burning with the passionate defence of Keats as one who had reached the heights of song—"the youngest, dearest hope of poetry"—and had been flung to the depths of despair, nay, death itself, by the cruel verdict of unfeeling, uncomprehending judges. This note of vehemence and outcry is the marked contrast to the rather passive attitude which Swinburne assumes. He does not defend, or condone, or uphold the French poet; he does not eulogize his subject with the fervor of Shelley; rather does he seize upon the best elements of Baudelaire's erratic genius and interpret his spirit. That Swinburne had been in his youth an admirer of the author of *Les Fleurs du Mal*, that he was always more or less of a hero-worshipper, and that he had the keenest reverence for the

poetic function were no doubt the incentives for his work. Throughout the poem there is a unity of tone, a flood of sound which surges in the same musical, gently swelling current and never rises on the waves of passion. As a piece of art, it is characterized by workmanship of the highest order; the language is finished and yet so pliable that it falls on the ear with a lovely and ever-changing cadence; the lines modulate from one liquid harmony to another. The elegy is as polished as a piece of marble carved by a master-hand, with a form large, noble, and flawless. Pagan as it is in spirit, it suggests some pale, statuesque form, vast, serene, and sublime, a figure whose draperies flow in rhythmic, majestic lines of sweep and grandeur; a face lighted by no vivifying spirit, whose eyes are cold and soulless; whose lips keep back a solemn and unutterable woe. The language of the poem holds us with a certain spell, because of the sweep and cadence of the sound and the poetic beauty of the imagery, but it leaves on us a vague impression of hollowness; the lines have undoubted sweep and power, but we cannot quote them. Shelley's verse, however, while perhaps not more poetically phrased, has a sort of latent fiery energy which brands itself upon the mind. We can never forget such lines as—

"Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity."

or Shelley's description of himself, so touching and so true,—

"A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift—
A love in desolation masked;—a Power
Girt round with weakness."

Impossible as it is to describe or explain this difference—this sureness, intensity, and brilliancy of phrasing—we feel it strongly. Single lines such as—

"Rose, robed in dazzling immortality,"

have power to thrill us, quicken our pulses with the sense of life breathing through the form of death, while Swinburne's lines seem to form a vast, unlit plain, over which one wanders in the gray atmosphere of a dream. In this as in others of Shelley's poems, his verse is vibrant even while it is flame-like and ethe-

real; Swinburne's is characteristically sweeping, sonorous, musical, with its feeling of some great force behind it; in thought, how beautiful, but how unsatisfying.

We must not forget, however, the dual nature of the poems; they are elegies as well as artistic triumphs. Grief is the common chord from which all other emotions must modulate; a grief in both cases, not personal, but, if we may use the word, artistic. Nowhere is a sense of personal loss apparent; in the *Adonais*, especially, the burden of the refrain lies in the loss which poetry has sustained rather than in the severance of a warm, human tie. In the light of to-day, Shelley's vehemence loses something of its force because the general verdict seems to be that Keats did not die as a result of the harshness of the *Quarterly Review*; as Mr. John Cowper Powys, the English lecturer, said recently, "it was love, and love only which worked on the inherited malady of Keats, and brought about his early death." We must take the three factors into consideration, but we cannot doubt the supremacy of the physical one; Keats would no doubt have died young had he never met Miss Brawne, or written poetry which met with an unkind reception. But Shelley, who wrote his ode soon after Keats's death, took the impression then current. His tribute to the genius of Keats could not be more sincere and generous, and at the same time he nowhere sounds the note of praise too loudly for the poet who is said to have most nearly approached Shakespeare. Shelley does not hesitate to place Keats in the rank of the foremost English poets, the inheritor of that "immortal strain" of which Milton was "the sire"; he holds a place secure among the immortal gods of song. And we do not for an instant suppose that Shelley's admiration was called forth alone by the sense of injustice done to Keats; he was a sincere admirer of the other's poetry, and the lines—

" . . . till the Future dares
Forget the past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light into eternity,"

ring true with the spirit of genius and whole-souled praise.

Was Swinburne's admiration of Baudelaire as fervid and sincere as that of Shelley for Keats? This is a question difficult to answer, both on account of the difference in the nature of the

two poets, and of the poets whom they eulogize. Certain it is that Swinburne performed a service for the memory of the French writer which few others would have been inclined to do. Baudelaire, largely as a result of his own untiring efforts, had acquired a most unsavory reputation. To seize the sublime element in his poetry and leave out the sickly and the baneful was a task to which none but the sympathetic admirer was equal. Subtly the eulogist had touched on the finer qualities of Baudelaire, and either ignored or raised to higher levels the unworthy elements of his nature. The morbid and the exotic note, so prominent in the work of the French poet, Swinburne characterizes poetically as—

"Secrets and sorrows unbeheld of us,
Fierce loves, and lovely leaf-buds poisonous,
Bare to thy subtler eye, but for none other,
Blowing by night in some unbreathed-in clime."

Yet the dominant note which Swinburne strikes in his elegy is the sense of world-weariness expressed in his own lines—

"Je veux dormir! dormir plutôt que vivre
Dans un sommeil aussi doux que la mort."

This note of mortal ennui which has made death seem welcome to him who has run the gamut of life's sensations, tasted the cup of pleasure until it has lost its sweetness and grown bitter, this note gives the pitch for the sombre melody of the song. No sense of injustice throbs fiercely in these lines; rather are they a sort of gentle evening-song to lull to rest the "sleepless heart, and sombre soul unsleeping, that were athirst for sleep and no more life." In this way Swinburne has succeeded in interpreting both the man and his poetry—in other words, the personality and essence of Baudelaire. Shelley, on the other hand, while he gives Keats his proper place as among the greatest of English bards, does not even hint at the character of his poetry, still less at the personality of the poet. Did we not know Keats to be one of the gentlest, least aggressive of men, we might suppose that Shelley, in his violent attack on the reviewers—"the herded wolves, bold only to pursue"—was performing for Keats a service which the latter might have done for himself had he lived. Swinburne's poem is in a way a peculiar triumph of art, because

it gives what most other elegies fail to do, at least in so poignant a way, an emotionalized expression of the dead author's personality. There is a sense of fusion of elements in the elegy, which gives to it a certain inner unity of spirit quite distinct from mere unity of form.

The *Ave atque Vale*, however, is pure elegy. It does not open up the field of other questions and problems as does the *Adonais*. For example, does Shelley show any definite leaning toward a pantheistic doctrine in the latter part of the poem? It is true that there are certain phrases which might lead one to think that Shelley embodied a pantheistic teaching in his work—a change of spirit, indeed, from that youthful one that inspired the "necessity for Atheism," which is naturally the direct opposite of Pantheism. The passage which would most clearly substantiate this view is—

"Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
A portion of the Eternal."

This thought of man's spirit being again absorbed in the infinite of which it had been a finite manifestation may approach Pantheism, but is not, in a definite way, that system of philosophy as we understand it. Reduced to the simplest terms, Pantheism states that all is God, that there is nothing but God. Shelley may have held this to be true, but we could not deduce the fact authoritatively from this poem. In the first place, though Keats is now a portion of the Eternal, we have no right to infer that Shelley would think this to be true of every human soul which had left its mortal form; it is only the spirits of those lofty minds who have attained to a vision of the Infinite on earth—such as the soul of the poet—who are to be made one with the Eternal. Now Pantheism takes everything upon the earth to be a manifestation of a part of God—be it rock, or tree, or man—and would set no emphasis upon one expression of the infinite over another. Then, too, Keats is "made one with Nature," and it is his presence which is to be felt "in light and darkness, and from herb and stone," whereas in pantheistic phrase, all entities of nature are but parts of the one unchanging whole—that is, God. That Shelley embraced Pantheism as formulated by Spinoza we could

not possibly assert from the *Adonais*. Even if he did, he modified it to suit the needs of his poetic conceptions. The feeling for nature in his works is always of the ærial, unearthly, and spiritual, and his fusion of Keats's spirit with the element he himself loved is in no way surprising when we consider that Shelley did not hold religious views of an orthodox or conventional type. If, then, any taint of philosophic teaching, or system, crept into the purely spiritual element of his work—imagination as distinguished from thought—it was entirely a subconscious influence.

But that Shelley was a pantheist in the humanitarian sense cannot be doubted, that is, in his attitude toward the dumb creation. What he wrote at the opening of *Alastor*—

"If no bright bird, insect, or gentle beast
I consciously have injured, but still loved
And cherished these my kindred,"

he lived up to in consistent vegetarianism, and ate only "bloodless food." Shelley was not the first to voice this thought of kinship among all sentient creatures, for Pope had already written—

"One all extending, all preserving Soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;
All served, all serving; nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown,"

and to-day another author of entirely different mould, James Oliver Curwood,¹ in speaking of his conversion from shooting for sport, says that at heart most of us are pantheists when our eyes are opened to the real kinship which exists between man and the animal world. So Shelley was not so much in advance of his age as above the general mass of mankind in perceiving truths which Mr. Curwood believes that most people, except those extraordinarily brutalized, will some day accept.

The *Adonais*, too, brings to our mind the question which most elegies raise—the insisting, tormenting thought of man's immortality. In this respect there is a marked difference between Shelley's poem and the *Ave atque Vale*. Swinburne does not raise, much less attempt to answer the problem—"Does man live after death?" Not in one line does he hold out the hope of

¹ In a recent issue of *Good Housekeeping*.

a bright immortality; instead he draws a thick curtain between the worlds of sense and spirit which the mortal eye cannot hope to penetrate. A heavy pall of mystery enshrouds the state of the dead poet. Nowhere is there the Christian interpretation of life after death; the spirit is purely pagan. Baudelaire is a fitting, dismal shade in the nether world of Greek mythology; not happier than on earth, as the Christian would have it, unless he has found the sleep which his restless soul was seeking. Is an eternal oblivion, then, the conception of Swinburne for our future state, an eternity which has no connection with our earthly life in the moral sense of reward or punishment? There is nothing to make us think otherwise. Sleep and an eternal quiet are his wishes for the soul of Baudelaire. A sense of chill, a mist of impenetrability overhangs the poem, but this is rather the characteristic Swinburnian spirit, than any attack upon the doctrine of immortality.

But, do we, on the other hand, find an entirely contrasting spirit in the *Adonais*? This is a question hard to answer, for Shelley's presentation of the problem is more complex than Swinburne's, in that the latter is chiefly negative. Certainly nowhere does Shelley assert the hope of life everlasting for the *race*. The spirit of Adonais still breathes in a rarer, purer ether, but this is because of the extreme exaltation of his spirit even when held in mortal clay. It is the "young heart" lifted "by lofty thought whose translated effluence cannot die." Poets alone rise from their thrones "far in the unapparent," but what of the rest of mankind? In some respects it would seem that Shelley's idea of immortality is similar to a theory of recent philosophy—that the only individual immortality lies in the continuance of our identity in the minds of those who loved us—not such a modern idea, however, for it was phrased by George Eliot in these lines:—

"O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence."

But nowhere in the *Adonais* do we find the note of strong belief—belief in the sense of that hope held by religious people of a life beyond the grave. It is not a poem to which the recently

bereaved would turn for a comfortable hope, for the cry of grief is not personal. There is in no way the feeling of strong trust phrased by Longfellow, a lesser poet, a man of simpler faith:—

"There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This world of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of Life Elysian
Whose portal we call Death."

Nowhere is there the faith by which alone we can prove, as Tennyson says, the great question of our future destiny. Even Adonais, though he is not dead, and has but "awakened from the dream of life," is in a state of phantasmal existence which ignores the resumption of warm, human ties,—that one question which above others demands an answer by our natures. Immortality, then, in the commonly accepted use of the term by average mankind, Shelley does not assert. "Nought we know dies," he says, it is true, but meaning rather an absorption or expression of all life in nature rather than the survival of identity. Must we deny, then, that Shelley, he who least of all men was of the earth earthy—he who most of all was transfused with a certain spiritual radiance—held the idea of hope beyond the grave? Even Hume, skeptic though he was, when speaking of his mother said, "There is something in her character which will not suffer dissolution." And, indeed, is not this feeling the basis for each man's trust in immortality—that there is something in our personalities which cannot go out like an extinguished spark? Such a hope let us try at least to ascribe to Shelley when he was "borne darkly, fearfully, afar" on the bay of Lericì—nearer each moment to that "abode where the Eternal are."

ANNA TRAIL HARDING.

Philadelphia, Pa.

MONSIEUR LÉGER

Several years before the Great War darkened the world we spent a winter in Southern France, on the Riviera.

Our small hotel *a prix modérés* was situated on a sunny hill-top in a quiet street of Cannes. From our windows we looked down upon palm-trees and flower-beds. Roses entwined the balconies. At night the frogs croaked loudly in the garden and breezes, laden with a thousand perfumes, stole in at the windows.

The hotel was kept by a worthy Vaudois family. The establishment was mainly patronized by English maiden ladies. They arrived in considerable numbers every year and remained for the entire season. The masculine element in this decorous environment was a personal friend of the proprietor's, a small elderly Frenchman. He had silvery white hair and dark eyes which were full of tragedy and gentleness. His manners can be described by no lesser word than beautiful. Though unassuming and retiring he was yet equal to any occasion, with a quiet adequacy of bearing which is the fine flower of French good breeding.

As time went on we became better acquainted with this quaint Parisian. He knew the surrounding country well and frequently acted as our guide about the environs of Cannes. We liked to climb the winding, gradually ascending roads between high walls whose gateways afforded glimpses of gardens lying like Elysian fields, where the eye lost itself in flowery vistas swimming in sunlight. Far below flashed the Mediterranean. Against the horizon glowed the purple Esterel Mountains. Above us the wind-swept pine woods added a wilder note. Rich-hued roses drooped tantalizingly over the walls. How still it was, save for the songs of the birds which revelled in those quiet, luxurious gardens.

Gradually we came to know something of Monsieur Léger's personal history, of general interest on account of the prominent literary and historical characters with whom his youth was as-

sociated. The following is an outline of his life as he gave it to us. He belonged to a family *de bonne bourgeoisie*. When a young man he had taken part in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71. His mother, whom he loved profoundly and who was his ideal of womanhood, did not long survive the hardships of this period.

Monsieur Léger was by nature *un sensitif*. His health having been affected by exposure in service and by grief, he developed tuberculosis, which necessitated a residence of several years in Southern France. Later he returned to Paris and continued his work as mechanical engineer. Poor health, however, caused him to retire from business comparatively early in life. With the passing years he became more and more of a recluse. A lonely old man, having outlived most of his family and circle of friends, he decided to give up his Paris home and to spend the rest of his life in Southern France. It was then that we made his acquaintance.

Whenever he mentioned *les Prussiens*, his expressive eyes grew black with horror and indignation. They were to him as foul fiends who had destroyed his world. But even his sensitive intuition could not have forecast the present cataclysm, his country's rebaptism in blood.

We found he liked to tell us of the home days when he and his parents were together in Paris. Although not of the nobility they knew the people worth knowing.

It was in 1869 that Monsieur Léger as a young man spent charming evenings in the home of the historian Guizot. Monsieur Guizot was living with his daughter and her husband in a fine apartment, Rue Billaut (Champs Élysées). Monsieur Guizot's daughter, a gracious personality, and successful writer of children's books, married Monsieur Cornélie De Witt, a deputy. They had two charming children. Monsieur Léger described the historian Guizot as tall, thin, and *spirituel*, of genial mien in the intimate circle. Monsieur Léger's parents, although Roman Catholics, appreciated none the less the protestant Guizot, whose integrity of character was such that it stood in the way of his political success. Monsieur Léger said that Guizot as minister under Louis Philippe did not make the necessary concessions,

consequently the fall of Louis Philippe and the establishment of the republic.

At the same period Monsieur Léger was also often a guest at the soirées of Mme. de Lasteyrie, a descendant of our Lafayette, then sixty years of age. Her salon (Avenue Friedland, Champs Élysées) was one of the few where the real *esprit français* still existed.

She had known how to preserve all the merits of the *ancien régime* without its defects. Monsieur Léger described her with enthusiasm,—her curling, powdered hair, her chic and elegance, above all, her powers as a conversationalist. She had, together with the facility for self-expression, the still greater gift of putting others at their best. Her son, a charming fellow, in temperament like his mother, was destined for a diplomatic career. Monsieur Léger mentioned a Lafayette celebration in America at which her son, Monsieur de Lasteyrie, was the guest of honor.

A neighbor of Mme. de Lasteyrie was Mme. de Balzac living in her Hôtel, Rue Balzac. Monsieur Léger called upon her with mutual friends. He described the widow of the great novelist as *une étrangère*, tall and distinguished looking. She had preserved the furnishings of the mansion exactly as they had been in Balzac's life. Monsieur Léger said the effect was most impressive, the rooms seeming sombre and weird, full of the author's personality.

Mme. de Balzac bought a circular chapel adjoining her *hôtel* where she established a museum containing objects associated with her husband's life and work. She had as a neighbor the Baronne Nathaniel de Rothschild. As the Hôtel de Balzac was enclosed in the Rothschild property the baroness offered large sums for it, wishing to enlarge her domain. But the widow Balzac persisted in her refusal to sell.

Monsieur Léger was well acquainted with Mademoiselle Kestner, who belonged to a prominent Alsatian family. She and her father and brothers were most agreeable in social intercourse. Monsieur Léger's acquaintance with the family continued after Mlle. Kestner's marriage. Her husband, Jules Ferry, was a member of the opposition under the second em-

pire, the period of Napoleon III. At the time the republic was proclaimed, September 4, 1870, he was chosen a member of the provisory government. Jules Ferry laid the foundations of the republic, of which he became successively prime minister and president of the Senate. At one time he was nearly elected President of the Republic. But his independence of character and his valuable services had won him too many enemies. He always preferred defeat to yielding. Monsieur Léger remembered Jules Ferry as having in social life somewhat the *tenue* of a lawyer. He was a gifted conversationalist, a man of serious tastes.

The Ferrys lived in the same street as Guizot. After Mlle. Kestner's marriage to Jules Ferry her father and grandmother lived together not far from Monsieur Léger's home. According to our narrator Grandmother Kestner was an extraordinarily interesting Alsatian type. An old woman of immense energy and vitality, and still handsome, she was republican by conviction, but in reality more arbitrary than a queen. In a little villa adjoining the Kestners lived "la Princesse Mathilde," aunt of Victor Napoleon, pretender to the imperial throne of France. Thus almost under the same roof dwelt these two haughty old dames, the fiery Republican and the strict Bonapartist.

Monsieur Léger's parents also owned for many years an estate at Bry sur Marne about fourteen miles from Paris. Near by was the finest private estate in France, Château de Ferrière, property of Alphonse Rothschild. This domain was on a magnificent scale; the green-houses with their fruits and flowers, the lawns diversified by streams, the vast hunting grounds were all of royal proportions. Here William I of Prussia passed the winter of 1871. The Marne is a picturesque river and Bry a fertile, hilly country. This is the same Marne which has said to the Hun to-day, "Thou shalt not pass." Monsieur Léger liked to recall boyhood days at Bry sur Marne.

After we became good friends he would sometimes sing for us quaint French songs with which he had been familiar as a child. He had a sweet, dim voice. It sounded like a spirit sighing for past happy days.

Many times since the Huns have entered upon their cathedral devastation, we have recalled our old French friend and his little song:—

Les petits Oiseaux de Notre Dame.

" Sous les arceaux de Notre Dame
Des nids d'oiseaux se sont blottis,
Anges nouveaux chantant leur gamme,
Comme en un coin du Paradis.

" Je les ai vus là sans surprise,
Ne sont-ils pas enfants du ciel?
Et se loger dans une église
C'était pour eux bien naturel.

" Petits oiseaux dont le chant est si doux,
Dans vos chansons priez pour nous—"

Poor little birds nesting in the cathedrals of France, what are your songs to-day? "Priez pour nous!"

CATHERINE BEACH ELY.

New York City.

A LOST UTOPIA OF THE FIRST AMERICAN FRONTIER

Early in 1743 the English traders among the Creeks incited the Indians to capture "one Priber, a Foreigner," who had come into their towns from the mountain country of the Cherokee. For several years past the authorities in the frontier provinces of South Carolina and Georgia had sought to arrest this individual, who was regarded by them as a most dangerous foe of English interests among the southern Indians, an agent of the French, even, it was darkly hinted, a Jesuit.

But in truth Priber was no ordinary backwoods *intrigant*, nor yet a Father Rale of the southern frontier. Though his career in America makes part of the story of imperial rivalry for the heart of the continent, it belongs as well to the history of the development of social and political ideas in the eighteenth century. His life was not without stirring incident and physical adventure; but his most memorable adventures were spiritual, idealistic. This phase of the man his provincial captors only dimly understood. At his examination at Frederica in the march colony of Georgia, General Oglethorpe and his frontiersmen found him "a very extraordinary Kind of a Creature," speaking "almost all Languages fluently, particularly English, Dutch, French, Latin and Indian." Further, it appeared that he had been scheming to set up "a Town at the Foot of the Mountains among the Cherokees, which was to be a City of Refuge for all Criminals, Debtors, and Slaves, who would fly thither from Justice or their Masters." The Georgian who wrote this account of Priber's designs, in a letter published in the *South Carolina Gazette* of August 15, 1743, continued: "There was a Book found upon him of his own Writing ready for the Press, which he owns and glories in . . . ; it demonstrates the Manner in which the Fugitives are to be subsisted, and lays down the Rules of Government which the town is to be governed by; to which he gives the Title of Paradise; He enumerates many whimsical Privileges and natural Rights, as he calls them, which his Citizens are to be entitled to, particularly dissolving

Marriages and allowing Community of Women, and all kinds of Licentiousness; the Book is drawn up very methodically, and full of learned Quotations; it is extremely wicked, yet has several Flights full of Invention; and it is a Pity so much Wit is applied to so bad Purposes."

Even from so unsympathetic a report it is possible to discover in Priber one of the most singular figures in the history of the first American frontier: a backwoods utopian who, in the fourth decade of the eighteenth century, imported into the American wilderness the most radical current European social and political philosophy. This "very odd kind of man" (so James Oglethorpe, soldier and philanthropist, described him), who lived for seven years among the Cherokee Indians on the headwaters of the Tennessee river, who "ate, drank, slept, danced, dressed and painted himself, with the Indians, so that it was not easy," by the testimony of a trader, "to distinguish him from the natives"; whose only associates, besides the Indians, were captive French *voyageurs* and the hardy Carolinians who sought a commerce in skins and furs with the Cherokee by the mountain trail from distant Charles Town—was in fact a spiritual descendant of Plato of the *Republic*, of Sir Thomas More, of Campanella, and a precursor of Rousseau.

His city was never built upon the site of ancient Cusawatee. His book was apparently never published. Yet from the near-sighted accounts of contemporaries it is possible to reconstruct in some fashion the body of his ideas, and to assign him a place in that stirring of the human spirit which was the eighteenth century.

Few thinkers have found stranger chroniclers of their lives and opinions. There was James Adair, for forty years a trader among the Cherokee and Chickasaw Indians, whose classic "History of the American Indians" (a curious medley of frontier history and pseudo-ethnology) was published in London in 1775. There was Ludovick Grant, also for many years an Indian trader from South Carolina: perhaps a truer type of the rude frontiersmen who formed the vanguard of English imperialism in America than the literary and antiquarian Adair. There was Antoine Bonnefoy, *engagé* to the *voyageur* Chauvin dit Joyeuse, whose

misfortune it was, in 1741, to be captured, with several companions, by the hostile Cherokee near the mouth of the Ohio, bound with a convoy from New Orleans to the Illinois country. There was also an anonymous Englishman, at one time a resident of Georgia, who had conversed with Priber at Frederica, and who contributed a description of the captive, under the pen-name of "Americus," to Dodsley's *Annual Register* of the year 1760.¹

In these accounts, as in several references to the man in the gazettes and in the official records, much was left obscure: even the exact form of his name. To Bonnefoy he was known as Privé Albert, obviously a variant of Priber (Pryber), or Preber, of the English narratives. Once, in a statement of the public debt of South Carolina for 1738-1739, when the expense of a party sent up to the Cherokee to arrest him was recorded, his name was paraded in the scholarly dignity of Dr. Priber. There was common agreement, however, that he was a German, specifically a Saxon, and that he was "a man of politeness and gentility." From Priber himself Bonnefoy learned that he was "of good family" and that he had been instructed "in all that a man ought to know," a fact confirmed by Adair, who declared that "he was adorned with every qualification that constitutes the gentleman." "His politeness," testified "Americus," "which dress or imprisonment could not disguise, attracted the notice of every gentleman at Frederica, and gained him the favor of many visits and conversations."—A strange *salon* for a *philosophe*, that barracks-prison at the edge of the American wilderness!—To his audience it was plain that he had "read much, was conversant with most of the arts and sciences; but in all greatly wedded to system and hypothesis."

During two decades and more before his capture by the English Priber had been maturing his project for a communistic republic:

¹Grant's deposition was printed in the *South Carolina Historical and Genealogical Magazine*, X, 54-65. Bonnefoy's relation has recently appeared, in translation, in Mereness (ed.): *Travels in the American Colonies* (1916). For the background of Priber's ideas, the studies of André Lichtenberger and Gilbert Chinard in the exotic and utopian literature of his age may be consulted.

first in his native country; then, when he was constrained to save his life by exile, in England; and finally, in America. He was but one, and one of the most obscure, of many men of that century of enlightenment who, with him, claimed the title of friends "to the natural rights of mankind," enemies "to tyranny, usurpation and oppression." His special significance arose from these circumstances: first, that in him converged most of those influences which, appearing more or less sporadically in others, gave to eighteenth-century "socialism" its chief distinguishing qualities—namely, the cult of antiquity, with its idealization of the classic republics and their law-givers; love of humanity, in its characteristic form of sensibility; preoccupation with moral ideas and metaphysical abstractions, such as natural rights, often to the exclusion of concrete reality; and, not least, the doctrine—which was to receive its classic statement in the works of Rousseau—of the "noble savage." And in the second place, whereas his immediate precursors and his contemporaries were writers of poems and romances, merely, like Fénelon, Vairasse d'Alais, Gueudeville, Claude Gilbert; or purely speculative thinkers, like Montesquieu and d'Argenson, Priber, with the *curé* Meslier perhaps alone in his generation, was definitely revolutionary. Less violent in his attack on existing society than the unfortunate *champenois* priest, he was more resolute to apply the remedy—a complete communism, civil, political, economic. Amid the prevailing detachment or downright pessimism of the social theorists of that day, his was indeed, as the editor of the *Annual Register* observed, "an uncommon mixture of philosophy and enthusiasm." Unlike most utopians of the century which preceded the French Revolution, he took his utopia seriously, and sought to realize it. He derived from the great utopians; but he pointed forward to Babeuf and to the nineteenth century.

What motives led Priber to choose America, and the Cherokee country in particular, for his experiment in the regeneration of society: an experiment which he hoped to develop later on a larger scale in France? Those to whom he confided his project have thrown no clear light on this point. Adair, Grant, and the Georgians, to be sure, believed that he was primarily a French agent, sent among that powerful and strategically situated tribe

to alienate them from the English; but certainly Bonnefoy and his companions did not recognize him as such, though they perceived that his politics served very well the French interest, in that he encouraged the Indians to preserve their independence. Probably he was actuated rather by his doctrinaire idealism, and by certain circumstances which gave to that portion of the British empire in America a special prominence at the period of his residence in England.

For more than two centuries the New World had exercised a magical dominion over the minds of such dreamers as Priber; and had, moreover, profoundly influenced the trend of their ideas toward communistic utopianism. The Golden Age of pagan antiquity, the Terrestrial Paradise of the middle ages, had been sought with a new zest, by men of the sixteenth century, in America. Significantly enough, Sir Thomas More had made the discoverer of "Utopia" a companion of Amerigo Vespucci. Montaigne, too, not without a trace of his accustomed irony, had depicted the "Cannibals" as a race falsely assumed to be barbarians, who in reality preserved from a state of nature manners and institutions more perfect than Plato and the philosophers had been able to conceive. Among those who wrote at first hand of the folk that peopled the New World were many who encouraged this enthusiastic interpretation. Most influential in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were the writings of the Jesuit missionaries. As priests, devoted to a life of poverty and cherishing the social precepts of primitive Christianity; as scholars, versed in the classic tradition of republican virtue; as moralists, not loath to rebuke the vices of contemporary European society, the Jesuits were predisposed to take an optimistic view of the Indians of America, in whom they discovered, despite their savagery, the incarnation of many of their own ideals. From the Jesuit relations emerged the concept of the "noble savage" (*bon sauvage*) which was popularized in France, in England, and elsewhere in Europe, by a whole school of poets, romancers, and dramatists. This exotic, utopian literature was made the vehicle, not merely for social satire which exposed the superficial follies of Europeans, by contrast with the simple, unaffected, *natural* conduct of the savages; but for more or less serious as-

saults upon the very bases of European society. Equalitarianism—which, pushed to its logical conclusion, involved communism—was the guise in which the eighteenth century envisaged the democratic state. The most perfect example of such a state was to be found in America, in Paraguay. There the Jesuits had established among the natives a communist regime which enjoyed a remarkable vogue in contemporary Europe. For a variety of reasons, then, a social theorist like Priber, who aimed to rebuild society upon the foundations of essential human goodness, of natural right, of equality, must have been powerfully drawn to America, where eighteenth-century radical philosophy had found abundant confirmation of its premises.

Moreover, shortly before Priber's flight from the continent, there had been displayed in England a striking pageant of the American wilderness, the report of which may well have directed the interest of the philosophical Saxon exile to the country of the Cherokee. In 1730, Sir Alexander Cuming returned from an unofficial mission to the South Carolina frontier, bringing with him seven Cherokee chiefs, with whom the government, through the Board of Trade, entered into a treaty of friendship and commerce. While in London the Indians were "entertained at all the Publick Diversions of the Town" (so ran the legend on a contemporary print), "and carried to all places of Note & Curiosity." They were even received by the King at Windsor, where, it was said, "the Pomp and Splendour of the Court, and the Grandeur, not only of the Ceremony as well of the Place . . . struck them with infinite Surprise and Wonder." On the other hand, the English seem to have been impressed with their strict "Probity and Morality," their "easy and courteous" behavior. The interest in the southern frontier and its natives which this visit aroused in England was kept alive by the proposal of a new march colony between the Savannah and Altamaha rivers, a project which led in 1733 to the establishment of the province of Georgia.

In that year or shortly after Priber emigrated to South Carolina. Of his brief career as a provincial almost nothing has been recorded. By a strange coincidence another sojourner in Charles Town during that time was a Swiss engineer, employed upon

the sea defences of the colonial capital: one Gabriel Bernard, who was named affectionately by his nephew Jean-Jacques in the most famous of all autobiographies. Although by Bonnefoy's account Priber was forced to leave Carolina for the same reason that he had been compelled to flee from his native country (i. e., the opposition of the authorities to his subversive programme), his departure was apparently not made in haste. In three separate issues of the weekly *South Carolina Gazette* in December, 1735, there were advertised "to be sold by Mr. Priber near Mr. Laurans the Sadler, ready made mens cloaths, wiggs, spaterdashes of fine holland, shoes, boots, guns, pistols, powder, a silver repeating watch, a sword with a silver gilt hilt, English seeds, beds, & a fine chest of drawers very reasonable for ready Money, he intending to stay but a few weeks in this Town." From his store of genteel possessions he retained only paper and ink and a trunk filled with books. Having divested himself thus of the trappings of civilization, armed only with the weapons of the philosopher, Priber set fort on his extraordinary mission to the Indians of the southern Appalachians.

On the mid-course of the Tellico river, where that stream, which takes its rise high up on the western slope of the Unaka mountains, suddenly debouches into Tellico Plains—fifteen miles from its confluence with the Little Tennessee, not quite thirty miles from the junction of the latter with the Tennessee river—there stood Great Tellico, chief of the towns of the Over-Hill Cherokee. Its importance was due to its location on one of the branches of the Tennessee river (the route of the Cherokee in their raids upon the French and their Indians on the Ohio and the Mississippi); to its exposed position, by reason of which it bore the brunt of enemy attacks; and to the fact that at the time the acknowledged leader among the head-men of the Cherokee, whom Sir Alexander Cuming had designated, grandiloquently, as "Emperour" of the nation, was Moytoy of Tellico. It was this village, distant from Charles Town more than five hundred miles by trading path, which Priber selected as the principal scene of his labors.

The immediate success of Priber in soliciting the confidence of the Indians won the admiration and the envy of the English

traders who observed him. "Being a great Scholar he soon made himself master of their Tongue, and by his insinuating manner Indeavoured to gain their hearts, he trimm'd his hair in the indian manner & painted as they did going generally almost naked except a shirt & a Flap." In the view of Ludovick Grant, a principal trader at Tellico, and of his associates in the trade, these tactics alone must have convicted Priber of being a French agent. Certainly they were far removed from the ordinary methods of the English traders, who were constantly accused, by the English themselves, of contempt for the Indians, of dishonesty in their dealings with them, often of gross brutality. (That the English were in general the successful rivals of the French was due, not to their diplomacy, which was distinctly inferior, but to the cheapness and sufficiency of their trade.) The considerable influence which Priber won by adapting himself to the habits of the Indians he used to protect them from exploitation by the traders, to promote their independence and their advancement in the knowledge of useful arts and in organization, to turn them from war to the pursuits of peace, and to spread his propaganda of a communistic state.

By these policies Priber came into collision with certain of the traders and eventually with the South Carolina government. When he taught the Indians the use of weights and measures, and constructed for them steelyards, he probably accomplished more to protect them from cheating traders and pack-horsemen than had been accomplished in thirty years by a succession of assiduous but over-burdened Indian agents. But he was not content simply to make them more acute in their dealings with the whites. He sought to establish their independence, and their equality with all their neighbors, of whatever race or nationality. Adair, who did not grasp the exact nature of Priber's design, although he realized something of its scope, wrote that he "inflated the artless savages, with a prodigious high opinion of their own importance in the American scale of power, on account of the situation of their country, their martial disposition, and the great number of their warriors, which would baffle all the efforts of the ambitious, and ill-designing British colonists." "Americus" was probably more accurate in ascribing to him

the aim of engaging the Indians "to throw off the yoke of their European allies, of all nations." Both the English and the French he taught them to regard "as interlopers, and the invaders of their own rights." "Believe me," he predicted after his capture, "before this century is past, the Europeans will have a very small footing on this continent." Nevertheless it was the English whose interests were immediately imperilled; and certain of Priber's acts gave color to the belief that he was in the French service. Despite occasional efforts of the French in Louisiana to open relations with the Cherokee, the English of Carolina had enjoyed a practical monopoly of their trade. Priber argued that an effective means "to preserve their liberties" would be "by opening a water communication between them and New Orleans." "For the future," he advised, they "should trade with both upon the same footing, which would be their greatest security for they would then be courted & caressed & receive presents from both." Again, he exerted himself to dissuade the Indians from warlike enterprises. The long-time enemies of the Over-Hill Cherokee were the French and their Indian allies of the Mississippi and Ohio valleys. When raids were incited by the English traders Priber worked, in concert with French prisoners like Bonnefoy, to frustrate them. To a remarkable degree the Indians appear to have entered into his "spirit of pacification." In all his counsel Priber professed to be seeking only the interest of the Indians: the "noble savages" of the generous tradition to which he subscribed.

Most of all, Grant declared, Priber inculcated "into the minds of the Indians a great care & Jealousy for their Lands, and that they should keep the English at a distance from them." The history of English dealings with the Indians in this respect was certainly less reassuring than that of the French. Potentially Priber's programme of independence constituted a sharp challenge to the expansive tendencies which English colonists had everywhere shown.

By Grant's account Priber's advice in these matters "produced a very extraordinary letter to this Government from the Indians which was written by Pryber & signed by him as Prime Minister. This first opened the eyes of the Government, and shewed

them the great danger of his continuing any longer there, and accordingly they sent up letters to me desiring that I would do my endeavour to have him apprehended & sent down." After a futile attempt Grant found it impossible to execute the commission without angering the Indians, and since he was at the time "deeply Engaged in Trade and saw the great ill inconvenience of . . . Intermeddling any more in this matter," he declined the task. Thereupon the Commons House of Assembly of South Carolina, in March 1739, appropriated £402 (provincial currency) for the expenses of "Col. Joseph Fox, and two men, going to the Cherokees to bring down Dr. Priber." Failing to draw Priber out of the town, Fox foolishly attempted to seize him in the town-house of Great Tellico, "for which he had like to have suffered." On that occasion was demonstrated the prestige which Priber had acquired among the Indians. "One of the head warriors rose up, and bade him forbear, as the man he intended to enslave, was made a great beloved man, and become one of their own people." The Indians earnestly requested the English "to send no more of those bad papers to their country, on any account; nor to reckon them so base as to allow any of their honest friends to be taken out of their arms, and carried into slavery." At the same time they expressed a desire to live in friendship with the English—but "as freemen and equals."

Firmly entrenched against his enemies in the affections of the Cherokee, Priber essayed the rôle which was most congenial to his philosophical spirit: that of Lycurgus, of law-giver, to the American Indians.

His immediate object, avowed to "Americus" at Frederica, was "neither more nor less than to bring about a confederation amongst all the southern Indians." Adair, who was curiously blind to Priber's utopianism, nevertheless perceived that he was engaged upon a grandiose scheme for the political organization of the Cherokee and for the formation of an extensive Indian league. "Having thus infected them by his smooth deluding art," wrote the historian of the southern Indians, with reference to the Cherokee, "he easily formed them into a nominal republican government—crowned their old Archi-magus, emperor, after a pleasing new savage form, and invented a variety of high-sounding

titles for all the members of his imperial majesty's red court, and the great officers of state; which the emperor conferred upon them, in a manner according to their merit. He himself received the honourable title of his imperial majesty's principal secretary of state, and as such he subscribed himself, in all the letters he wrote to our government, and lived in open defiance of them." When Priber's project was frustrated by his arrest, the "red empire" which he had "formed by slow but sure degrees, to the great danger of our southern colonies," was on the point "of rising into a far greater state of puissance"—so Adair believed—"by the acquisition of the Muskohge, Choktah, and the western Mississippi Indians."

Priber's ultimate object, however, was not, as Adair imagined, to convert the English Indians to the French alliance; but to develop, under the protection of an independent confederacy of southern Indians and in its midst, a communistic establishment which should serve as a model for a republic which might later be set up in France. Under cover of such ceremonialism as Adair described—well devised to appeal to the barbaric taste—the Saxon carried on among the Indians and among the whites who visited them a propaganda for his revolutionary social programme. A site at the foot of the mountains, between the Cherokee and the Creeks, was chosen for the community, partly because of the more fertile soil, partly because there a trade could be carried on conveniently with both English and French. To this establishment Priber assured Bonnefoy and his companions that he had won many adherents among the English traders, a class perpetually in debt to the Charles Town merchants; and among the Indians, whose own institutions were not in principle opposed to those he advocated. Ludovick Grant, who held in virtuous scorn Priber's visionary ideas, observed that "he proposed to them a new System or plan of Government, that all things should be in common amongst them, that even their Wives should be so and that the Children should be looked upon as the Children of the public and be taken care of as such & not by their natural parents, that they should move the chief seat of Government to a place nearer the French called Coosawattee, where in ancient times a Town had stood

belonging to the Cherokees. And that they should admit into their society Creeks & Catawbaws, French & English, all Colours and Complexions, in short all who were of These principles, which," the trader piously concluded, "were truly such as had no principles at all."

The form of the republic, as Priber expounded it to the French captives, was to be a *société générale*, in which the two fundamental principles of *liberty* and *equality* should be perfectly observed. In his emphasis upon equality, Priber reflected the strongest positive tendency in the social thinking of his century. To observers as diverse as d'Argenson and Meslier the great evil of existing society appeared to be the disparity between men in point of rank and condition. Even Montesquieu held that equality was the ideal of the republic: an ideal to be attained, however, only in the small state. In harmony with his school Priber conceived of equality as not only civil and political, but also, and necessarily, economic. In the "Kingdom of Paradise" private property was not to exist even in the mitigated form of small holdings, advocated for republics by Montesquieu; all goods should there be held in common. Thus equality, in Priber's theory, meant communism. It also meant uniformity, even in such details as the houses and furniture of the citizens. Among the latter there was to be no adventitious superiority, of any sort. The author of the ideal commonwealth, himself, would undertake its direction solely for the honor involved. In stressing the principle of liberty, however, Priber sounded a note not always heard in Utopia. D'Argenson, on the contrary, had praised the benevolent despotism as the form of government best designed to ensure equality among the subjects. One of the most popular of the literary utopias of that period, the *Histoire des Sévarambes* of Varaisse d'Alais (1677), had described a complete tyranny, exercised for the common good. In contrast to the minute regulations imposed by Sevarias, the "Kingdom of Paradise" was to have as its sole law the law of nature. Moreover, the liberty which was allowed to men should be shared equally by women; in sign of which no marriages should be contracted. The children of the temporary unions were to be reared by the state, and instructed in everything which they were capable

of learning. Priber clearly had in view a society in which every talent should have unhampered opportunity for development; and where each citizen should work according to his abilities for the good of the republic. The axiom of the Saint-Simonists ("to each according to his needs, from each according to his capacity") was anticipated by Priber: "Chacun y trouveroit son nécessaire tant pour la subsistence que pour les autres besoins de la vie, que chacun aussy contribueroit au bien de la société de ce dont il seroit capable."

In the history of utopias Priber's project occupies an undefined middle ground between the purely literary utopia, on the one hand—of the class of More's prototypal work, of Campanella's "City of the Sun," of a whole literature in the drama and the romance which flourished in Priber's own time—and, on the other, the applied utopianism of the Anabaptists of the Reformation period, of the Fourierists and the Owenites. The book which would have given him place among the authors of ideal commonwealths was in manuscript when he was carried captive to Frederica, and probably perished with him—as also his dictionary of the Cherokee language which would have established his name among the first students of American linguistics. From the glimpses of his ideas which uncultured frontiersmen were able to catch, it is clear that there has been lost, if not one of the great utopias, at least one most significant of his century. The catalogue of characteristics which M. Joly has ascribed to eighteenth-century "socialism" fits, with little amendment, the social philosophy of Priber: "République, vertu, bonheur, innocence, égalité, communauté, courage et pauvreté, . . . Lycurgue, . . . et l'âge d'or et les bons sauvages, et le christianisme sentimental, et le simple nature, et les jésuites du Paraguay, tout cela forme un faisceau indissoluble."

The possibility of establishing a new social order upon a basis essentially moral and metaphysical rather than scientific was never tested, as Priber had planned, in the "Kingdom of Paradise" of Cusawatee. It was his misfortune that his design ran right athwart the imperial purposes of the English in America. Hardly had he begun to spread his propaganda among the neighbors of the Cherokee, than the commander at Fort Augusta "on the main" perceived a "remarkable intractability in the Creek Indians, in matters of trade." After inquiries he traced the

responsibility—to “a white man, who had resided some time in the upper towns, after having been many years among the Cherokees, who always shewed him the utmost deference.” On instructions from Captain Kent the English traders secured the arrest of Priber, who was on his way, as they believed, to the French at Mobile; and sent him down, with his bundle of manuscripts, to Frederica. (Thereupon the Indians “made it very apparent by their clamours, that they were not a little interested in his safety.”) The treatment accorded him in Georgia was that of a political prisoner of rank and importance; he was confined in the barracks and guarded by a sentry night and day. In the ruin of his hopes he continued to maintain an imperturbable front. “‘It is folly,’ he would say, ‘to repine at one’s lot in life;—my mind soars above misfortune;—in this cell I can enjoy more real happiness, than it is possible to do in the busy scenes of life. Reflections upon past events, digesting former studies, keep me fully employed, whilst health and abundant spirits allow me no anxious, no uneasy moments;—I suffer,—though a friend to the natural rights of mankind,—though an enemy to tyranny, usurpation, and oppression;—and what is more,—I can forgive and pray for those that injure me. . . .’”

After a few years of imprisonment, Priber died. The verdict upon his career has followed too closely the opinion of his enemy, Ludovick Grant: “Thus ended the famous Pryber . . . a most Notorious Rogue & inniquitous fellow who if he had been permitted to have lived much longer in that Country would undoubtedly have drawn that nation over to the French Interest.” More generous in his judgment was Adair, who likewise regarded Priber as a menace to English dominion in southern America, but who nevertheless affirmed that “he deserved a much better fate.”

He deserved, no doubt, a better fate than the oblivion which has befallen him. Philosopher, utopian, linguist, scholar, friend of peace, of progress, of the Indian, his was a solitary figure among the ruder folk who peopled the outer fringe of European civilization in America. Chimerical his enterprise must seem. By reason of it, however, the first American frontier became, for a few years, the first frontier of eighteenth-century social idealism.

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MARSTON, WEBSTER, AND THE DECLINE OF THE ELIZABETHAN DRAMA

In Rupert Brooke's posthumously published monograph on *John Webster and the Elizabethan Drama*, his Cambridge fellowship-dissertation, the most interesting chapter is that entitled "The Elizabethan Drama," wherein he makes a rapid survey of the entire period, evaluates the various types of plays which were produced, accounts for the successive changes of artistic fashion and temper, discusses the causes which at length brought about the Jacobean degeneration, and fixes the place of Webster in relation to the organic growth and decay of this then dominant literary form. It is a brilliant if somewhat consciously clever piece of work, and while it smacks of youth throughout, with all youth's violent personal likes and dislikes and impatience of error and received opinion, it will be welcomed, as will the judgment of any creative writer in regard to a field which has had all-too-little fresh, vital criticism that is neither tradition-ridden nor stifled with the dry dust of pedantry. In the present instance I believe the statements of Brooke, even where incorrect in themselves, are suggestive, when taken in conjunction with the half-truths of other investigators, of verities which have hitherto been insufficiently pointed out.

After the dawn-song of Marlowe, says Brooke in substance, the drama passed through a "period of silliness or undistinguished prettiness," during which time the respectively stupid and insincere chronicle histories and romantic comedies made up the great bulk of production. This lasted for some ten years. Then came "the wonderful, sultry flower-time of the next century." "For there was a period—1600-1610 are the rough inside limits—that stood out an infinity above the rest. Nearly all the good stuff of Elizabethan drama was in it or of it. Except in comedy (with which Brooke avows himself not concerned), there are only the lonely spring of Marlowe and the Indian summer of Ford outside it."

Brooke sees the cause of this flowering in a reaction from "the

Renaissance joy in loveliness, the romantic youthfulness of the age, the wave of cheerful patriotism." "Poets, and men in general, had reached a surfeit of beauty." Cynicism and despair, a complexity of soul and a morbid and introspective imagination, awoke and found artistic expression; but with them came sincerity and power, for the veils of romanticism were rent away, and men looked steadfastly upon stark life and without dismay into its darkest recesses of passion, crime, and mental disease.

"The main current of strength in the drama during these years . . . is that which ran through Marston and Tourneur to Webster." "Marston is one of the most sinister, least understood, figures in Elizabethan literature. More than anybody else, he determined the channels in which the great flood of those ten years was to flow." He was pre-eminently a satirist, whose chief passion was truth, which he preferred if it hurt, but loved in any circumstance. He resuscitated the old blood-and-thunder revenge tragedy, gave it a *macabre* taste, and with the violent and ensanguined satire in which he clothed it, "lit up those years like a vivid flash of lightning." "He may have originated the heroine who was wicked or non-moral, fascinating and not a fool." "Filth, horror, and wit were his legacy." Tourneur, who is really far the inferior of Marston, "with his brilliant and feverish morbidity carried on the line. But Tourneur was in sight of the end of greatness."

Brooke finds dissolution inaugurated with the "fatal reign" of Beaumont and Fletcher, or rather of Fletcher, for he testifies to the humor, poetry, and fundamental strength of Beaumont. The twenty years' suppression of the theatre during the Civil War and the Commonwealth was of slight importance as a break in the course of English drama, he declares, beside the great gulf that yawned in its path about 1611. "Five years before that, England was thunderous with the most glorious tragedy and the strangest passion. Five years after that, Fletcher and the silly sweetness of tragi-comedy were all-powerful. The path, unmistakably the same path, led on and down, through Massinger and Shirley." Grandeur became prettiness, seriousness the mere desire to please, splendor softness, and tragedy tragi-comedy.

"But even when the triumph of prettiness was on its way to completion, there was one slightly old-fashioned figure still faithful to that larger prime The stream swept straight on from Marston and Tourneur to Webster. With him the sinister waves, if they lost something of their strange iridescence, won greater gloom and profundity. After him they plunged into the depths of earth. He stands in his loneliness, first of that long line of 'last Elizabethans.' As the edge of a cliff seems higher than the rest for the sheer descent in front of it, Webster appears even mistier and grander than he really is, because he is the last of Earth, looking out over a sea of saccharine."

It is quite common nowadays to hold Fletcher responsible for the decline of the old drama. The world loves a scapegoat, on whom the blame for anything bad or unfortunate may be placed; and here, particularly, seems to have felt the need of some one to bear the burden. It used to be Ben Jonson, perhaps because the ideals which dominated his work were evidently so different from Shakespeare's; now it is Fletcher who must stand "as the figurehead for our abuse." There was much to provoke such a selection about that brilliant, spoiled child of fortune, who had the ability to do anything but the will to do nothing, that artist cursed with facility, that genius who refused to take himself seriously and labor at a play with conscientious care—who would stoop to any theatric charlatanry, if only he might thereby thrill or please. One finds a pleasure in fastening any charge upon the man who *could* write the first half of *Valentinian*, and then *would* write the last half of it. The modern discovery of how little he contributed to the best of those plays for which he had so long received half-credit through the ascription of their authorship to the firm-name of "Beaumont & Fletcher," has caused a reaction against him in favor of his more talented junior partner. And then one feels instinctively that tragedy-comedy, with which his name is associated with special prominence, must (as a patently vicious literary form) be in some way at the bottom of all the trouble.

Brooke, however, seems to be alone in his diagnosis of exactly what was the evil, inaugurated by Fletcher, which the Elizabethan drama fell sick and died of. And his view that it was an emasculated prettiness, a cloying sweetness, does not square with the facts. These characteristics are indeed too palpable in the work of Fletcher himself, as to some degree in Beaumont's, but in that of none of their distinguished contemporaries or successors, save perhaps Shirley. The beauty of Ford's verse is not warm and "sirupy," but cold—like carved marble. How could anyone consider the grave, plodding Massinger a current in that "sea of saccharine" which Rupert Brooke talks about? Or the austere, bitter Middleton, or "rough Rowley, handling song with Esau's hand"? Nor, again excepting Shirley, do the last of the old dramatists have many of the other mannerisms that we think of as most characteristic of Fletcher. It was Shakespeare, not Fletcher, who appears to have initiated the extreme metrical license of the later days. No—the facts should be clearly recognized: Fletcher is not responsible for any great share of the shortcomings of those who followed him; his sins of artistry, which were many and grievous enough in all sooth, for the most part died with him.

The more usual charge against Fletcher and the Jacobean drama is that with them, and through tragi-comedy in particular, mere sensationalism rather than the reproduction of life became the object of the playwright.¹ This theory has been most clearly and subtly elaborated by Mr. Paul Elmer More in *The Nation*, April, 24, 1913, who (assailing Beaumont and Fletcher equally) says the downfall of tragedy began when "the theme was altered from a single master passion to a number of loosely co-ordinated

¹Mr. Barrett Wendell, however, discovers the cause of the degeneration of the drama in "the crushing sense of fact" which, he says, throttled the author with the consciousness of his limitations and cooled his imagination. And (oh, Rupert Brooke!) as an example of this decadence, he takes Webster's *White Devil*! [*William Shakspeare*, page 408 f.] It is not very clear to me just what Mr. Wendell means by this "crushing sense of fact," or how any sort of a sense of fact *could* be other than a virtue in a dramatist.

passions," in the working out of which "they loosed the bonds of conduct and left human nature as a mere bundle of irresponsibilities."² Professor Gayley of the University of California, indeed, while accepting Mr. More's analysis of the baleful influence, demurs against the affixment of the blame for this upon the "twin-dramatists," or even upon Fletcher. "To substantiate such a charge," he says (*Beaumont the Dramatist*, p. 399), "it would be incumbent upon the critic to prove not only that the decadence is indubitably visible in the joint-work of Beaumont and Fletcher, but that . . . it was not already patent in the dramatic productions of their seniors"; and goes on to instance various plays in which he believes it may be discerned: *The Royal King and Loyal Subject* of Heywood; *Bussy D'Ambois* and *The Gentleman Usher* of Chapman; *The Malcontent*, *The Dutch Courtesan*, and *The Insatiate Countess* of Marston; and *The White Devil* of Webster himself.

The longer and more fixedly one gazes upon the later Jacobean and Caroline drama, the more satisfied one becomes that its chief defect, aside from a sheer paucity of genius in those days as compared with the earlier time, is just that loose coördination of theme and passions which Mr. More has so unerringly pointed out. Rupert Brooke himself seems to have some comprehension of this when he speaks of "the absence of any serious intention, the only desire to please, the lack of artistic morality" as characteristic of the "fifth-rate stuff" which "overwhelmed England." Take the *Bonduca* of Fletcher as an example. Around the disastrous war of Boadicea the author has merely *dangled* (not *twisted*) several

² But most of that majority who hold this view are hardly consistent. The very critics who especially blame Fletcher for the mischief are they who exalt Beaumont most highly above him in the early joint plays of the two dramatists. Then it was Beaumont who invented the vicious type and thereby sowed the first seeds of decay, unless— Here again these same critics do not bring their opinions to a final synthesis; for most of them (in my judgment, wrongly) hold that *Cymbeline* antedated *Philaster*, and consequently that the influence was from Shakespeare to Beaumont, and not the other way; therefore their own premises require them logically to conclude that it was Shakespeare who inaugurated the decline of the Elizabethan drama!

threads of incident, details in the lives or deaths of several characters. The play has no *raison d'être*—save to while away two or three hours of a seventeenth-century afternoon. The very poetry—as is usual with Fletcher, frequently of not inconsiderable merit—yields to the impulse of moment and situation without regard to the truth of its words or their appropriateness in the mouth of the speaker. Or consider more tensely compacted works, such as *The Bloody Brother* or *Thierry and Theodoret*, or Rowley's *All's Lost by Lust*, or Middleton's *Women Beware Women*. The reader is hurried through labyrinths of sinister designs, murders, complicated intrigues, disguises, uncontrolled passions, sensational and harrowing scenes of poignant emotion—most often not of a single plot, in which the excitement might relax a little at times, but of several plots, bundled together so as to keep one keyed up by an endless succession of "thrills." The author is not content to develop one thing; he must juggle with many things. When a Jacobean playwright wanted to turn out a tragedy, like the hero of Stephen Leacock's *Nonsense Novel* he mounted his Pegasus "and rode off in all directions."

The world of scholarship owes Mr. More a real debt for his incisive definition of the precise trouble with the drama of those days.

But when was the poison first infused? Mr. Gayley, in his list of productions manifesting unhealthy art prior to Beaumont and Fletcher, appears to stray sometimes from the point. He seems to forget that the specific evil is a loss of unity and a disregard of characterization for the sake of heightened plot-interest, and identifies mere sensational detail or pornographic unpleasantness as a symptom of decadence. In no other way can his indictment of *The Dutch Courtesan* and *The Insatiate Countess* be explained. The former, it is true, through the fell purpose of Francischina and the subtleties, disguises, and revelations of Freevill, does bear a slight resemblance to the revenge-play type, which was especially liable to vicious distortion in the later drama; but its fidelity throughout to a theme and moral purpose announced at the beginning, and the perfectly consistent development of its really striking *dramatis personæ*, lift it above sus-

picion, and, indeed, stamp it as possessed of a merit which has been all-too-inadequately recognized. *The Insatiate Countess* is a perfectly straightforward story, with a humorous sub-plot juxtaposed solely for comic relief; and its one great defect, a lack of any clear revelation of the character of the heroine at the opening of the play and a meagerness of psychologic analysis of her changes of heart during its course, must be set down to simple inadequacy on the part of the author.

As for *The Royal King and Loyal Subject* and *The Gentleman Usher*, their themes are quite those of tragi-comedy, but their handling is altogether different. Though *The Gentleman Usher*, especially, does point the way to the Beaumont & Fletcher type, with its court intrigue, its perilous vicissitudes, its love-theme, and its villainy exposed but not adequately punished, both it and the other play are mainly of a piece with the older drama, in that their actions proceed forthrightly out of one episode into another, instead of through the mazes of plot-complication. *The Royal King and Loyal Subject* is absolutely rambling; while *The Gentleman Usher* strikes a chord of the early nineties with its attempt to excite a childish interest in such details as Strozza's prophetic divination and the naïve cure of Margaret.

Bussy D'Ambois is a more suspicious case. Its plot exploits a protagonist of Marlowesque dimensions, but is essentially that of the later tragedy-of-intrigue variety, and is not conditioned by the figure of the hero. Tamyra seems sufficiently changeable from one mood to its opposite to merit the title of a "mere bundle of irresponsibilities." But here we probably have again just a clumsy-handed dramatist, who is unable to portray convincingly a woman swayed by alternate gusts of passion. What we want is an early *indubitable* instance of the fatal tendency which Mr. More pointed out to be, in its final triumph, the ruin of serious drama. Nor need we search far to find it.

The first work of Beaumont and Fletcher to strike the siren note of dissolution is generally agreed to be *Philaster*. Its date is definitely fixed within the extreme limits of 1608-1610. *The Revenger's Tragedy*, ascribed to Cyril Tourneur, was printed in 1607, and perhaps was written a year or so earlier. This play

alone should be a sufficient refutation of the theory that the decline of the Elizabethan drama, due to a vicious ideal which made plot-excitement, rather than action proceeding from character, the basic desideratum, originated with Beaumont and Fletcher. It is melodrama of the wildest and most sensational variety; and never, even in those times, was so much thrilling matter crowded together within five acts. By the end of Act I we have had Vendice introduced in his disguise into a position where he can begin his long-deferred revenge, the amour between the Duke's wife and bastard, the hint of dissension among the royal half-brothers, Vendice's commission to undertake the corruption of his own sister, and an oath of vengeance by the friends of the injured Antonio. And this rate of incident is maintained! Characters and events are hurried, twisted, and forced to serve the turn. Accident plays its full part in bringing off the unexpected. Gratiana is converted to evil and again to good with unconvincing pliability. Castiza's test of her mother by a feigned yielding anticipates a favorite and especially meretricious stage-trick of Fletcher's. Here, then, is a tragedy displaying all the marks of decadence, and yet antedating its traditional inception by from one to five years.

The vicious type can be found yet earlier. *The Malcontent* of Marston has been placed anywhere between 1600 and 1604. Its theme is the devious attempt of a deposed duke to regain his throne, and therewith, as in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, the many intrigues and counter-intrigues of a depraved court. The rôles of Malevole and Mendoza are of considerable dramatic value, and there is a fair degree of humor in the time-serving Bilioso. But the play really exists for exciting plot alone; the characters, if developed, are incidental. Nay, not even plot itself, *as a unit*, is the dramatist's aim, but rather the maximum thrill for his audience at any point he can find it. Therefore Pietro's discovery of his wife's dishonor, which is properly a mere episode or developing link, is disproportionately elaborated with such forceful and extended treatment as to make what follows seem tacked on, and an anticlimax. It is in the early and overshadowing part that the play has its moments of real power and insight; the later

machinations, the kaleidoscopic changes, the veering passions, feigned deaths, masqueradings, and surprises are the very substance of that evil against which Mr. More inveighs. Moral outlines are blurred; Mendoza is merely kicked out; and the reconciliation of Pietro, Aurelia, and Ferneze would be hard to match among all the desperate shifts which the stage has witnessed for the sake of a "happy ending." Save, indeed, for the lack of a dominating love-motif, *The Malcontent* is a perfectly orthodox tragi-comedy.

Prior to this play I do not think we shall find a well-developed case of the malady with which we are concerned. Symptoms, indeed, or partial outcroppings of it occur plentifully in those same first years of the seventeenth century. Most of the plays mentioned by Mr. Gayley as suspicious do have a taint of it. It appears in the conclusion with which Shakespeare spoiled that magnificent beginning of what had promised to be the very fine tragedy of *Measure for Measure*. But if we admit symptoms and partial outcroppings into the scope of our inquiry after the original germ of the evil, we must go back to the very first productions of the Elizabethan drama. After Acts I and II, are not the bonds of conduct loosed in *The Jew of Malta*? Is it not a mere orgy of sensationalism and plot-excitement? Aside from its lack of developed art, wherein do the matter and method of *The Spanish Tragedy* differ from those of *The Revenger's Tragedy*? And what shall we say of the riot of bloody melodramas from *Lochrine* to *Titus Andronicus*? Surely here is "the absence of any serious intention, the only desire to please" as completely as ever disfigured a play of Fletcher's or Shirley's;—and glancing ahead a few years, could we not say the same for most of Heywood and a good deal of Middleton? Whither is our criterion of decadence to lead us?

The truth of the matter is that the degeneration of the Elizabethan drama was to be expected from its very inception, for the seeds of that degeneration were present at, and from, the beginning. The Elizabethan drama was founded upon a false artistic

aim, merely to tell a story on the stage,³ and, save in the hands of genius or by sheer happy accident, it never achieved that effect of totality, never attained to that underlying unity of design, which Aristotle once and for all had pointed out as essential to drama. Accident, of course, may accomplish anything, and the intuition of genius not infrequently demanded some sort of organizing artistic unity.

Marlowe was of supreme importance in the matter of intuitive genius. Critics have extolled his legacy to the English stage of verse-technique, character, emotion, and construction, and have lamented, and speculated on, the loss suffered by literature through his untimely death; yet I doubt if the latter point has ever been sufficiently emphasized, even by the pen of adulation—not as regards the poetic and dramatic quality of what he would have produced if he had lived (there he has had full appreciation, and to spare), but as regards the mighty influence which he probably would have exerted towards the fashion of a more compacted form of play than the Elizabethan theatre ever beheld. What he actually accomplished in that direction during his lifetime may appear small, but in view of the stage-technique which obtained when he began to write, it must be pronounced tremendous. The great point is that he found his unity, not in plot alone, but in plot conditioned by character and passion. *Tamburlaine* is built around a character and a passion; it can scarcely be said to have a plot at all. Previous plays concerned with a king had been built around him only in the sense that they told the *story* of his reign. Then in *Dr. Faustus* Marlowe discovered soul-struggle as the basis of serious drama; he was correlating character and intricate plot in *The Jew of Malta*, before something went wrong with it; and finally in *Edward II* he made a near approach to real tragedy, at once complex and unified and with but few flaws, out of what was the most inchoate of all dramatic forms, the chronicle history,—giving it a structure which was never surpassed in solidity by any play of that type in all the rest of English literature. The

³ This aim is first clearly pointed out and demonstrated in *The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist*, by Mr. George Pierce Baker.

pioneer of the movement, and he went so far as that in five or six years! With his potent personality, always dominant in influence over his fellow playwrights, what might not Marlowe have made of Elizabethan drama (and consequently of the rest of English drama also, which has been largely under the spell of the Elizabethan tradition), had he continued to live and develop in the direction in which he was going? Something, perhaps, almost Greek in *solidity*, though of course with the *austerity* of Greek tragedy he owned no kinship—something, perhaps, like what Stephen Phillips tried in vain to do. Certainly, we may say, Marlowe had more of the instinct for dramatic concentration than any other man who wrote for the old theatre—distinctly more than Shakespeare, who seems continually to have been chafing under the limitations of the dramatic form and trying to relax their rigidity, as in the *Henry IV* and *V* plays, and in the last “romances.”

Yet Shakespeare's own artistic intuition was better than his impulses. In serious drama he walked, for the most part, in the path pointed out by his predecessor, and as his powers of self-criticism were as far superior to Marlowe's as were his poetic genius and his insight into character, he went a long way beyond him in actual achievement of dramatic structure. His great tragedies may indeed “tell a story on the stage,” but for all their profusion of detail they are as true to the fundamental principles of play-architecture as are the best works of the Attic theatre. Action and character are interdependent, are bound up together, and produce and condition each other. How far Shakespeare's masterpieces were the result of a conscious theory, it would be difficult to say; but the fact remains that they satisfy all the basic requirements of good dramaturgy.

Ben Jonson was another who kept mainly in the right road, for his devotion to classical models and standards safeguarded him. And so—*pace* Mr. More—did Beaumont and Fletcher in the two finest productions of their joint work, where Beaumont seems to have held the reins. In neither *The Maid's Tragedy* nor *A King and No King* is unity of theme or consistency of character violated for theatric excitement. In the former play the in-

terest is centered in no one figure, to be sure; but a single complication is worked out to a logical end, and in spite of several exhibitions of bad taste—e. g., the weakly sentimental rôle of the "Maid," the circumstances of the King's murder, and the management of the final scene—a real work of art is achieved. Even the conversion of Evadne, a reversal of character which we might expect would be arbitrary and unconvincing (especially since it is in Fletcher's hands), can be defended as good psychology.⁴ This tragedy is distinctly notable for its dramatic morality, its nexus between guilt and *dénouement*—the very point where most of the later productions of the Elizabethan stage were weak. The King's tragic error is obvious, Evadne's no less so. Aminator's is found in his pliancy before authority: first and most in his desertion of Aspatia at the royal pleasure (with even some transfer of his affections, it would seem), but also in his tameness and irresolution under his outrageous fate. Melantius (shown, from the very beginning of the play, headstrong and violent) obeyed the voice of passion and would not consider whether he really did right; consequently the result of his course was the deaths of his sister and his friend, and the turning of life into a thing unendurable to him. Aspatia is a leaf caught in the storm.

A King and No King has been seriously condemned for its conclusion, but the failure there to enforce a moral view-point is the result rather of absorption in the lovers' deliverance than of a false dramatic concept. Always throughout the play till then, ethical values have been stressed, and Beaumont has been at some pains to heighten the effect of the terrible fall of Arbaces and Panthea by previous exhibition of the self-confidence of each. Nowhere, indeed, does that author show such ambition to paint character as in the careful presentation of his hero during the first two acts. So far from being concerned entirely with the plot, he here seems to be interested in portraiture almost for its own sake alone.

⁴ See G. C. Macaulay's chapter on *Beaumont and Fletcher* in *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, Vol. VI, p. 143.

There are a few other late plays—notably *The Witch of Edmonton* and *The Changeling*—in which the relation of plot to character is healthy, but it may be questioned if this excellence did not result fortuitously from the nature of the dramatic fable rather than by deliberate design of the author.

Meanwhile, all these years the great bulk of Elizabethan drama had been floundering along as best it might. Rupert Brooke has paid his disrespects to the "chronicle histories." There can be no question about the badness of this type as a form of art, but in some ways their influence was for good. They dealt with the real deeds of real people, given as plot-data, and it was the task of the dramatist to make persons and events vivid by plausible motivation. Fact thus established a rough sort of safeguard against extravagance and unnaturalness, and psychologic investigation was encouraged. The re-creation of English history played no small part in the development of those powers in Shakespeare which later made possible *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*.

But the chronicle plays had their vogue and passed out of fashion, and there came a time when the art of plotting was mastered to such a degree that the playwright was no longer content to build up his story by adding incident to incident, but could skillfully heighten the interest by employment of suspense, surprise, complex intrigue, and the involved combination of several motifs. It was at this point that the note of dissolution was first clearly sounded. So long as construction was naïve and straightforward, there could be little temptation to the dramatist to sin against portraiture or psychology; and indeed these were necessary; for plot alone, artlessly developed, could not sufficiently entertain his public. But given the conception which the Elizabethans had, of a play as a *story presented on the stage*, it was inevitable that whenever such story-presentation reached a point of improvement where intricate plots could be set forth and by their intricacy alone hold the theatregoers, every other consideration would be cast aside in the endeavor to tell the most interesting and exciting stories.

And this was just what occurred, the change beginning about the turn of the century. In place of the logical cause-and-effect

sequence whereby events were the consequences of human actions which would naturally produce them, and action grew out of character, and character was self-consistent,—chance came to play a more and more important part in the vicissitudes of plot, for chance could not be anticipated, and so kept the audience on tip-toe;—or if an event did proceed from the deliberate will of a character, it could gain the desired element of surprise if the volitional impulse of that character were something unexpected from him. Thus the bonds of the dramatic fable and the bonds of conduct alike were loosed.

Novelty and excitement were the watchwords of the new tendency. In the search after them, authors were forced more and more to the employment of the strange, the ghastly, the sensational. The wildest extravagances, the most blood-curdling horrors, abnormal moods, strained sentiments, and exaggerated emotions became their stock-in-trade. But there is a limit to invention. New things to please the jaded palate of an audience habituated to highly-seasoned fare could not be found forever. And the day came when all plot-material seemed to the dramatists to be exhausted, and with flagging zeal they began to use the old ingredients over again in new combinations. Their work was perfunctory, inspiration was dead, and the end in sight. Shirley rings the changes on familiar themes with a skillful hand, but without sincerity or interest. One feels he is making his plays, not out of life, but from a mass of conventional stage-stuff. From the less capable pens of his minor contemporaries the output is a sorry thing indeed. And when a man like Ford appears, with real instincts for drama and an absorption in psychology that would have made him welcome the character-tragedy of earlier days, the fashion of the times is too strong for him. One play, indeed, he does base upon character and emotion, but he chooses as the mainspring of this a passion of unspeakable morbidity, and encumbers it with luridly sensational devices and a number of extraneous intrigues; while elsewhere⁵ he probes the heart

⁵ I am speaking of his romantic dramas, not of *Perkin Warbeck*, which, as a rather spineless attempt to revive the outworn chronicle history play by a man whose real interest was almost wholly in the dissection of mind and soul, is neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring, and stands quite apart from his other work.

by flashes only, being usually quite lost amid the mazes of plot-ramification, wherein human nature dissolves into "a mere bundle of irresponsibilities."

I have said that a turn in this direction of eventual ruin was inevitable for Elizabethan drama, the Elizabethan idea of a play being what it was, as soon as plot-technique reached a certain stage of sophistication. But there was a playwright who inaugurated the fatal change, and who more than any other can be regarded as having occupied a causal relationship towards it. That man was John Marston. It is truthfully said that he was one of the most sinister, least understood figures in the literature of the period, and that he, more than anyone else, determined the channels in which the great flood of the first ten years of the seventeenth century was to flow. One of the most valuable suggestions in Rupert Brooke's monograph is his tribute to the power, originality, and influence of Marston, but he seems entirely to have misinterpreted the significance of this dramatist's contribution.

Marston with his *Antonio's Revenge* brought back the Revenge Play into favor and fashion—a type which above all other types was liable to take to itself the qualities which characterize Elizabethan tragedies of the decadence; for the shifts and stratagems of a revenge require a considerable amount of that plot-complication which we have seen would be sure to result in a stage devoted to the production of thrills rather than the reproduction of human nature; such a play depends to a great extent upon the interest aroused by the machinations with which it deals; and the incidents of its fable are likely to be bloody and sensational. Marston, for his part, was very clearly aiming at stage effect, not at the setting forth of a realistic story. He combines the revenge-for-a-father and revenge-for-a-son motifs, along with a love interest, in one play. Every act has its startling situation or tableau. Moral values are outraged: Antonio slaughters the innocent Julio. Motivation is disregarded: there is no reason why Antonio should forbear to stab Piero before the tomb—none save that to do so would prevent a more striking climax later on.

Antonio's Revenge, which probably appeared in 1599, was the

first of a long revival of revenge plays. The fact that *Hamlet* was among them must not blind our eyes to the vicious tendency they imposed upon the drama. And leaving *Hamlet* out of the bargain, we find they all lent their weight to that tendency, from the *Hoffman* of Chettle, down through the previously discussed *Revenger's Tragedy*, to the very latest examples of this kind of play. But *Antonio's Revenge* did more than initiate a new stage-fashion by its melodramatic appeal. It located its sensational story in Italy.

Italy stood for strange things to the Elizabethans. Shakespeare has shown the brighter side of its suggestion in the *Two Gentlemen*, and *Romeo and Juliet*, and *The Merchant of Venice*, and *Much Ado*. But the peninsula was not only the land of love and flowers, but the country of Machiavelli and the Borgias. At the name of Italy there blazed in outlines of flame before the imaginations of English playwrights the corruption of courts, monstrous desires, ruthless and stealthy slayings, treachery, and factional struggle; and these things seemed to hold a terrible fascination for the men of that time. The proportion of dramas of murder, lust, and intrigue which made Italy their scene is portentous. Murder, lust, and intrigue—she was a storehouse full of just those materials; and the opening of that storehouse made possible, as it might not otherwise have been possible, the establishment of a school of tragedy which sought no higher reactions in its audience than tension and shock. Upon the rôle played by Marston a lurid gleam is cast by the statement of Swinburne that he was the most Italian of all the Elizabethans. Throughout his career, his influence steeped the stage with the flavor of Italy. First it was in the two *Antonio* plays, then in *The Malcontent*, and finally in *The Insatiate Countess*.⁶

It was Marston, then, who revived the tragedy of revenge, with

⁶ His only other tragedy, *Sophonisba*, though neither a revenge play, nor Italian, nor tragi-comic like *The Malcontent*, does possess its share of taint: its episodes are put in for interest and variety rather than in the cause of logical plot-development; Erictho and the ghost of Asdrubal are not intrinsically connected with the theme; they are thrown in as a sop to the popular thirst for horrors.

its inevitable development of those very features which, given the then current conception of a play, must lead to literary insolvency. It was Marston who with hitherto unexampled boldness made of dramatic incident a mere bid for sensationalism. It was Marston who woke the fevered imagination of his contemporaries to brood upon the traditional vices of Italy. It was Marston who, as we have seen, produced in *The Malcontent* what was the first genuine tragi-comedy in every requisite of the type save the presence of a dominating love-story,—the first unmistakable outcropping of that tendency which utterly debauched Elizabethan drama: namely, the exaltation of intricate plot-structure, with tense vicissitudes and veering interests, over every consideration of character-drawing and unity of design.

And from Marston, says Rupert Brooke, the stream swept straight on to Tourneur and Webster. So it did; but in a sense far other than that which Brooke had in mind. For in both of those two plays "which definitely and uniquely gave the world Webster" the method of Marston and Tourneur is dominant. Dramatic construction they may scarcely be said to have; they are simply and sheerly "stories told on the stage." Their only real unity is one of atmosphere—the miasmatic atmosphere of Italy at her worst. They do not leave a singleness of impression on the memory, but rather the recollection of separate, isolated scenes of tremendous power and effectiveness, which loom out of the rather inchoate whole in which they are imbedded.

It is to such scenes (worthy, as fragments, of Shakespeare or of anybody) that Webster owes his reputation,—to them and to two other factors. The first of these is the mordant, gloomy, picturesque power of his verse—always striking the same chords of death and bitterness with a persistency which is overwhelming. It is thus that he achieves his peculiar atmosphere. Brief phrases flash a white light into the most poignant moods of the human soul. The Elizabethan drama was practically introduced to a more modern world by the Romanticists, Lamb and Hazlitt, and afterwards Swinburne and his school; and poetic genius and

fragmentary excellences always appealed to them far more than did total-effect.

The remaining quality which contributes to distinguish Webster in our minds is his power of characterization. Some of the figures that move through his pages seem larger than those of life, cast in the same heroic mold as the protagonists of Marlowe and of Shakespearean tragedy. Always there is a solidity about them, and we are tempted to talk of them as of actual people,—something which we do with only the most completely realized creations in literature. I am not aware that any heroine of the "minor Elizabethans" has stimulated a reader's fancy to weave about her a fiction-tissue of her career before the opening of the play in which she appears, like Mary Cowden Clarke's *Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines*, save the Vittoria of Webster, concerning whom Mr. Hadow speculates⁷ with scarcely less sentimentality than is displayed by some of the apologists of Lady Macbeth. Flamineo, Brachiano and his unhappy wife, little Giovanni, the Duchess of Malfi, and Romelio in *The Devil's Law Case* are examples of the same virile portraiture. They seem to stand out of their frames like the figures in a Rubens, and few of the other *dramatis personæ* of the Elizabethan stage, save Shakespeare's do likewise.

But these manifestations of genius should not obscure for us the true relationship of Webster to his field, nor lead us to confuse his tragedies with a better type of drama. *The White Devil* and *The Duchess of Malfi* are, as I have said above, rather unsuccessful attempts at story-telling; and the strength of individual scenes as compared with that of the whole merely goes to show that the author sought at every step to obtain the maximum possible effect from each situation rather than produce a well-proportioned totality. He was interested in character, indeed, but only as a side-hobby. When it conflicted with a desired turn of the plot or a chance for a striking scene or speech, he sacrificed it, as we observe in the case of Bosola during the torture of the Duchess and in some of the sententious couplets which are strewn here

⁷ In *The Oxford Treasury of English Literature*.

and there throughout his pages. While he used the paraphernalia of horrors with more restraint and artistic subtlety than Tourneur, he crowded enough and far too many of such devices into *The Duchess of Malfi*. His imagination, like Tourneur's, went delving in the charnel-house, to thrill his audience with its crude and ghastly properties: the dead man's hand, the absurd lay-figures of the Duchess's loved ones, the masque of maniacs, and the mummery of the bellman. The election of the Pope in *The White Devil* is lugged in for such passing entertainment as the presentation on the stage of an unfamiliar and spectacular event might afford. The assumed madness of Flamineo is equally removed from the sphere of dramatic necessity. As for the last part of the tragedy, with its tangle of intrigues, disguises, poisonings, and stabbings, not to mention the nauseous complication added by the Moor, Zanche,—it is of a piece with the fourth and fifth acts of *The Malcontent* and with all the worst traditions to which this play gave impetus. There is even, in the final interview between Flamineo and Vittoria, an example of that already noted stage-device which, in the hands of Fletcher and his followers, hurried the later drama to the devil faster than almost anything else: the shamming of a part by one of the characters, whereby a thrilling situation is worked up—and then the revelation that he was merely dissimulating.

And what is the theme of *The Duchess of Malfi*? Not the fate of the Duchess herself, for she dies in the fourth act. Not the unhallowed course of her brothers; for while technically it can be nothing else, *practically* we fail to see and feel this fact, as both Ferdinand and the Cardinal are kept in the background. Not the career of Bosola, for his own portrait is distorted for the sake of the plot. And what place in it has Julia, the Cardinal's mistress? The author was simply presenting a story for the sake of the tension and shock which he could arouse by its successive incidents.

The stream did flow straight on from Marston to Tourneur, and beyond him to their mightier disciple. John Webster was not the final verge-cliff of earth's shore, looking out over a sea of saccharine, for most of what lay beyond him was neither saccharine nor altogether different in substance from himself.

He was not even the last of his tribe to find an interest in character, for so did Middleton and Ford after him. Nor was he a solitary figure who, amid the hurrying dissolution of serious drama, "still remained faithful to that larger prime," for he was of the decadence as well as in it. He did not belong to the brotherhood of Marlowe and Shakespeare and Jonson and Beaumont, they whose work was illuminated by gleams, at least, of that sun of true art which lit the toil of all the masters alike from Æschylus to Ibsen; his place is among the vast throng of the other playwrights of his period, who planned and builded amiss. Had they lived in an age of more enlightened canons and wiser self-criticism, they might have made some notable contributions to the world's literature, for many of them gave evidence of rare talent, and Webster revealed most of all; it must be his melancholy distinction that his was the highest of any of those unrealized capabilities; he was the greatest Elizabethan who labored confusedly in the darkness of false dramaturgic principles and aim.

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NATIONALITY AND THE CASE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

We once knew an English scholar who in his high classical moments used to refer to the American people as barbarians—not, we hasten to add, employing the word in its modern sense of savages, but using it rather after the manner of the old Athenians, for whom the term barbarian meant simply a people without standards in life, in manners, and in that serene reflector of life and manners, in art. Now, although even in this restricted sense it would no doubt be unjust to impose the appellation on the modern cultivated citizen of New York or Boston, still in a general way, when applied to the nation as a whole, there is enough truth in the charge to give it a sting,—the sting being represented by the fact that while we as a people demonstrably have standards, they are so loose and indefinite as to be, in the region of art at least, practically inoperative, and nowhere more so than in the case of the art of letters. And so we come once more upon that perennially vexed question of American criticism, What is the matter with literature in this United States of ours?

To this question the answers have been many and various, but perhaps the favorite of them all has been provincialism. James Russell Lowell, we believe, was the first to bring the charge; and now here in recent years comes Colonel Roosevelt, urging us in that placid manner of his not to be counterfeits, not to be echoes, not to be servile worshippers at a foreign shrine, but to stand up on our own legs, original, unparalleled, archetypal, and, by George! our own men, free and unafraid.

The words of the second critic are certainly plain and direct enough, but even with our eye full on his message and awake to all its wisdom we confess it is difficult to see just how his directions are to be followed. For to tell a writer to be original or a nation to be non-imitative is, if they are not already so by nature, much the same as bidding them get a new personality—a rather large order. Moreover, it may be questioned whether this overwhelming dread of provincialism is not itself the surest sign of

the evil it would avoid. Courageous men do not go about exhorting others to fear fear; intellectual men are not all a-tremble at the thought of stupidity; and it is not, we imagine, the wont of strong personalities to labor their minds with reflections on the pusillanimous. Such qualities as courage, intelligence, or strength would seem to inhere in their possessors by nature and habit; they are not discussed, they are basic and taken for granted. And with regard to originality this is even more the case; so that if individuals or nations do not by force of their own innate powers strike out for themselves new and characteristic paths, it is indeed lamentable, but it is a lack that will never be made up by external advice or entreaty.

As to the question itself, that there is something wrong with American literature, opinion seems to be fairly unanimous, and if we look at the facts in the case it is easy to see why it should be so. The United States as a distinct nation has now been in existence nearly one hundred and fifty years, possessing, moreover, a discenible body of tradition extending back into the past much farther than that; and yet when we inquire what contribution we have made in that period to the world's sum of beauty as embodied in literature, what writers of recognizable greatness we have produced, it is by no means flattering to discover that the list (exclusive, of course, of writers yet living and of those recently dead) hardly extends beyond the names of Emerson, Hawthorne, Poe, Whitman, and Longfellow.

Just how high a position these particular writers occupy, just how completely they merit the title of greatness, is a further point on which criticism might say much. To take only the poets, for example, it would be rather a bold hand, we submit, which should enroll any of these names of ours among those known as the major poets of English literature, that chosen band represented broadly by Spenser and Wordsworth, Browning and Keats; and if a reason were sought for this exclusion, perhaps it would not be wide of the mark to hint that Poe lacks matter and Whitman lacks art and that Longfellow comes uncomfortably close to that dubious middle ground of neither hot nor cold referred to by Horace in the lines,—

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Mediocribus esse poetis

Non Di, non homines, non concessere columnæ,—

or, as Francis translates it,—

For God and man and lettered post denies
That poets ever are of middling size.

Waiving this, however, we pass on to another consideration of much more vital and present significance, namely, the relative worth of the great mass of books and articles daily being put forth in this and other countries.

With regard to American writing in general, European critics have not dealt us many hard words, and this for the simple reason that they pretty thoroughly ignore it. But if they, coming to the task with fresh eyes, were to set themselves to examine it, probably the two chief traits that would at once draw attention would be triviality of subject and superficiality of treatment. Where, they might ask, is the great theme? and where, oh where, the profound commentary? Moreover, that they would look in vain in this body of American work for anything approaching a general sense of style, that strong and yet delicate perception of the color and mystery of words, is also probable. And casting about for an explanation of these things they would perhaps rest in the discovery not only that classical tradition in this country is represented more by report than by presence, but that what little classical tradition there is, is the target of violent and successful attack. Acquiring in addition the pleasing knowledge that the very leaders in this attack are men who, by a fine irony, go by the name of scholars, and no doubt holding some such absurd theory as that on classical tradition alone can a great literature be founded, they would likely cease further investigation and leave us for lost.

Whatever faults the alien critic might discern, however, and whatever the reason for them, certain things are clear even to native vision; and if we submit to impartial comparison our so-called secondary writers, that is, the writers who are above the ruck of obscurity and below the level of fame, with those of foreign nations, we have, as every informed critic is aware, largely

a record of American inferiority. But if we bring also to mind certain accidental circumstances in which we habitually take pride the record shows even worse.

American wealth and prosperity, for instance, have been for some years now the wonder of the world; and over against it may be set the modern artistic excellence of impoverished Spain or impecunious Italy. We plume ourselves on our size—our numbers and area; but just how far our contemporary poets and prosemen might safely brave comparison with those of Belgium and the Scandinavian countries is by no means certain. We glory in our innumerable schools and widespread enlightenment; and bow before the literary superiority of Russia. We boast of our freedom and independence; and yet it is not precisely indisputable that our playwrights and poets, our novelists and men of letters excel, or even equal, those of present-day Ireland or Poland. And finally, if, as some of us do, we take refuge in the thought that after all we were in fact once a colony and are still under the blight of our origin, we do so with calm indifference to another fact, of which indeed most of us are only just becoming conscious, namely, the existence and growth of a splendid native literature in the countries of South America.

For this lack of a great and indigenous literature in the United States many explanations—and excuses—have been offered; but though for such a really stupendous phenomenon there should be a proportionate spiritual cause, it is apparently impossible to find, and the honest inquirer is left to wrestle about with a host of reasons, none adequate and one as good as another. In spite of inconsistencies and some mutual repulsions the list runs glibly off: provincialism, colonialism; too much wealth, not enough leisure; luxury and materialism, the rough conditions of a pioneer nation; education too widespread, the lack of authoritative criticism; and these the most foolish of the lot, that (despite Athens) a democracy is hostile to the growth of art, and that (despite England) America is a mixture of too many racial stocks.

That there must be a commensurate reason for this state of affairs is of course certain, and that the present writer thinks he has found it is perhaps not strange; but before giving what he

conceives to be the true explanation he would here premise his two conditions of judgment, the first being a principle and the second a state of mind. The first, then, is this, that just as the style of the individual writer should express his peculiar personality, so the literature of a nation should express its peculiar qualities, its traits, its *character*; and if its literature does not thus express a nation's character, a plausible reason to give would be to say that its character is not worth expression—too weak, too shallow, too ignoble.

But—passing to our second condition—far from holding such an opinion with regard to America and in contravention of many of the reasons given for its failure to produce great literature, it is our profound conviction that there is not now, and never has been, a nation more essentially romantic than the American people, more generous, more humanly sympathetic, more high-spirited, and that if they appear otherwise it can only be to an inspection cursory and superficial.

Where, then, is the answer? Well, just as an individual person may out of the very excess of good in his nature be betrayed into so one-sided a devotion as almost to turn a virtue into a vice, so likewise may it happen with whole peoples, and so we believe it has happened here in America. But never has a nation been more grievously the victim of its own mistake, and that in such a peculiar way that the very means of healing is itself the cause of the disease.

Poe in *The Purloined Letter* makes use of a principle which must be as old as trickery itself, whereby the object to be hidden is put in the most obvious place. The thing closest to us is what we always overlook, and the Greek sage who said "Know thyself" gave mankind one of the hardest tasks it has ever been set. And so the American people by a subtle circumstance are striving to discover their malady everywhere but where it is, namely, the "practical" intellect to which they have long paid such overwhelming homage.

Intelligence is the American idol. Never before in history has the executive intellect been so devotedly worshipped. Let an American but be successful—and by successful we mean more

shrewd, more mentally adroit than his fellowmen—and he has our unstinted admiration. And it is just here, on the motive of our admiration, that our hostile critics go astray. They indeed get the facts correctly. They see that the modern American hero is the man at the head of some vast and intricate business—a railroad, an industrial corporation, a banking institution—and because the incidental result of such leadership means for him affluence and power they straightway accuse us of worshipping in his person money and all that money represents, in short, of being materialists. The truth is that what we really worship is the keen insight which enabled him to achieve his position and the strong judgment which enables him to hold it.

Because of peculiar conditions of life, and even more of thought, here in America, it so happens that most of America's modern exemplars of intellect are business-men, Captains of Industry. But our admiration is not confined to them. True to its nature it is spontaneously called forth wherever brain-power is manifested, whether in a newspaper office or a laboratory. Edison and Burbank, Henry Ford and the brothers Mayo, are chiefly valued because they have proved their ability to think better and more concretely than their fellows; and though our Wallingfords may not stand on the same level of public regard, there is no doubt they have our secret sympathy whenever they outwit their adversaries. What is called "the quick thinker" is equally esteemed in a railroad cab or on the ball-field; nor is it without significance that our most common terms of contempt turn on the idea that the person disparaged is incapable of thought—that he is "paralyzed from the shoulders up," or, simply, that he has a head of bone.

That such a temper of mind is not peculiar to our day and generation but one which has descended to us naturally from the past is, we think, fairly deducible from the old tradition of Yankee ingenuity and Yankee "slickness." But if we reflect that this demand for the externalization of intellectual activity, this consuming desire for visible results, is so insistent now when the physical necessity for it is not so great as it was in earlier years, it is easy to see that that demand must have been much more in-

sistent in the pioneering and developing periods of our history. Accordingly, if we go back forty or sixty or eighty years, or beyond, we shall find that in this respect at least we are truly the children of our fathers, and that whether we take Benjamin Franklin at the beginning of the Republic or James J. Hill in its most recent phase, our strongest and most original minds have been mostly bent to practical issues. Nor is the reason far to seek. As a young nation in the possession of limitless areas of new wealth which lay all around us, soliciting the intellect with glorious possibilities of power, it was almost in the nature of things that the dazzling prizes held out to us should make us more intent upon intellectual processes of a practical kind than upon speculative uses or spiritual experiences.

As intelligence, then, has the primary place in American admiration, it is not surprising to find that the means for calling forth and strengthening it have been so lavishly provided: schools, colleges, seminaries, universities are scattered thickly over the land, working, many of them, by night as well as by day. Indeed, our educational machinery, so elaborate and embracing such a multitude of people, is a prodigy for which in all human records it would be hard to name the parallel.

What then has this unprecedented devotion to the practical intellect—we had almost said, the physical brain—brought us? What has been the result? Well, the result for those who have eyes to see is patent, and it is, too, in proportion to the nature and greatness of its origin. It is this, that in a certain mental quickness, an agility of mind, a really astounding cleverness, we easily surpass the rest of the world; so that in inventions and vaudeville, newspapers and "Coney Islands," railroads and motion-pictures and skyscrapers we are so far first that there may be said to be no second.

Now, the intellect alone can perform many wonders: it can, in its higher manifestation, produce a *Novum Organum* or a *Principia*; or, as with us, a merry-go-round or an editorial, a telephone or an electric sign, a steamboat or a rocking-chair, or haply in this year of grace a machine-gun or an airplane. But there is one supreme wonder it can never of itself achieve, let it

strive how it will, and that is the imperishable glory called a work of art. "No, Sir;" said Johnson on a certain occasion, "were Socrates and Charles XII of Sweden both present in any company, and Socrates to say, 'Follow me and hear a lecture in philosophy'; and Charles, laying his hand on his sword, to say, 'Follow me, and dethrone the Czar'; a man would be ashamed to follow Socrates." And yet there is here a deeper meaning than perhaps Johnson saw; the apparent explanation, of course, is that Charles would speak to the emotions of men, and Socrates simply to their intellect.

This, therefore, is the gist of the matter, that literature—and especially poetry, its consummate flower and perfection—is primarily the product not of the head, but of the heart; it is an emotional appeal. "If you wish me to weep," said Horace long centuries ago, "you must first weep yourself." But how if weeping has gone out of fashion? What if emotional appeal has lost its validity? How can it be expected, how can it be deserved, that a great literature, sublime poetry, should spring up in a cool and sophisticated atmosphere? *Cor ad cor loquitur*; but here the heart of the audience is a comparatively neglected thing. Small wonder that that of the artist should feel the congealing breath of indifference.

"Truth," says Newman in his *Idea of a University*, "has two attributes—beauty and power; and while useful knowledge is the possession of truth as powerful, liberal knowledge is the apprehension of it as beautiful." With this distinction in mind, therefore, it may be said that we have been too vigorous in our pursuit of truth as powerful, too neglectful of truth as beautiful. In both cases the intellect may be employed with equal ardor: but in our case it has been employed on external and visible objects; in the case of older civilizations, where material opportunities are not so glittering, the intellect has been thrown back upon the inner world of the soul, and thus, while we have been making material discoveries, they have been making spiritual ones.

To every generality there are certain qualifications and distinctions; and it is perhaps unnecessary to point out that our quarrel here is not with the intellect as such, nor with the esteem it

naturally elicits, but only with that dangerous primacy to which in its practical aspect it has been raised by the American people. That the perceptive intelligence is worthy of our cultivation and homage is, of course, evident and beyond question; and yet we dare think it is equally evident that if it is given too exclusive a cultivation, if it is paid an excessive homage, if, in short, it is elevated above those moral qualities which are the intellect's complement and proper guide, then the result will be ruin.

The lessons of the past are ever ready to be learned, its pages lie open to our hand; but so careless is man that he ignores the voice of old experience, and one of the constant marvels of the student of history is to discover that mankind is forever making the same blunders, forever falling into ancient disaster. But when a man or a nation adopts some grand theory and wilfully blinds himself or itself to whatever is in contravention of that theory, then the blunders are made manifold and the disaster becomes irreparable.

To say that the grand theory of the American people is a full reliance on the practical intellect is, we believe, no exaggeration; and yet to draw out historical instances of the far-reaching havoc wrought by men of high mentality and perverted will would be no doubt a work of supererogation. For the memory of these things is not wholly erased from human consciousness, and it is more than a trick of alliteration that links shrewdness and scoundrelism together. Indeed in certain old-fashioned circles one may still hear among other strange legends occasional reference to the deeds and the fate of him who was called Lucifer, the brightest of created intelligences.

The past, however, is not our only field of actual illustration. For some four years now a vast and bloody drama has been unfolding in Europe, and already it has served for the confused text of innumerable discussions. But despite the fact that no one can yet perceive the full import of its tremendous teaching, in one respect at least that teaching even now is unmistakably clear, and that is that neither wealth nor power nor size nor even a high state of general intelligence is of worth except in so far as these things stand for nobler and more spiritual qualities. Hence

now, if ever, at this crisis of the world's history, it would seem wise for the American people to take sober stock of their situation; nor should it require a Lincoln come from the grave to make us realize that character, not intelligence, is the chief goal worthy of our striving, national as well as individual; that great moral qualities are what make a nation great; and that character, the moral qualities, are an affair not so much of the intelligence as of the heart, the affections, the will. And having mind to the scope of this paper we would add that if a nation is really great, its literature will necessarily be so.

That the connection between a nation's esteem of the moral qualities on the one hand and its literature on the other is in fact peculiarly close and intimate, rests, we believe, in the very nature of things; for not only would it seem to be based on the *a priori* grounds we have adduced, but to be proved by the explicit and objective evidence of the world's greatest literatures, and by none more so than by English literature. If on the contrary we desired an example of the withering effect of mere intellectualism, we should not have far to seek; and under this head indeed it is probable that the scientific critic would range the case of American literature, classifying it under the sub-title of "the blight of cleverness."

From all the evidence, therefore, it would appear that America is far from holding that position in literature which she might reasonably be expected to hold. That her literature is not great is a fact, and one which no complacency can ignore and no sophistry explain away. That this condition is a matter of disgrace is known to all thinking men. But it is something more; it is a portent. For the want of a great literature means for America not simply disgrace, not merely lack of standing in the court of civilized nations, but death; since it is as true now as it has ever been that "where there is no vision the people perish."

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THE INFINITE VARIETY OF LORD ROSEBERY

AN APPRECIATION OF GREAT BRITAIN'S MOST BRILLIANT BIOGRAPHER—AND, INCIDENTALLY, EX-PREMIER.

Lord Rosebery has always been a brilliant enigma. Carlyle, the standard authority as to this, proclaims the life of "an original man" to be "the highest fact and work which our world witnesses." Reluctantly admitting that clever men are good but not the best, he proceeds to say: "the instruction they can give us is like baked bread, savory and satisfying for a single day"—and it is easy to imagine how the Sage of Chelsea, could he but be with him in very flesh, would extend the hand of fellowship to this original of originals on May the seventh next, when he passes what Mark Twain called "Pier No. 71."

Rosebery is kaleidoscopic. As the faces of a crystal give forth rays of many tints so are the manifestations from this remarkable, even bewildering, personality. He has the keen acumen of Canning, tempered by the imaginative sentiment of Shelley; the cultured tastes of a Mæcenas, interwoven with the sporting proclivities of a Queensberry; the infallible humor of Thackeray, joined now and again to the dark melancholy of Schopenhauer; the social gifts of Browning as well as the oratory of Choate, flanked by the secretive qualities of Bismarck.

Archibald Philip Primrose, fifth Earl of Rosebery, presents preëminently the appearance and bearing of a patrician. His figure is of average height with lines of distinct grace. The face slightly elongated, smooth shaven and ruddy, is surmounted by an abundant growth of hair, parted on the side and now of a silvery white. The eyes are bluish gray with an unmistakable tinge of sadness in them; the mouth is firm and full, and the nose straight but not overly prominent. It is a striking countenance; young, yet old with the age of knowledge and experience, giving the impression of a self-contained, self-repressed man who dwells largely in a land of dreams. Seeing him in serious mood one does not readily fancy him smiling or laughing; he does both charmingly,

though the features are slow to relax, and the eyes the last to show trace of amusement,—they brighten gradually until the gentle glow transforms the entire expression. Nevertheless, the effect, upon the whole, is as if he had been brought back from the lights and shadows of memory against his will.

However, this "Uncrowned King of Scotland," as he is dubbed affectionately on his native heath, is far removed from a misanthrope. His coats and waistcoats, neckties and collars are irreproachably in the pink of fashion. His voice is delightful; low though perfectly distinct, rich and sympathetic in quality, singularly refined in accent. It is exactly the voice to attract the listener and recommend what it utters. Moreover, conversation with him is an art. It has been suggested that "he possesses a manner which knows how to be easy and free without being free-and-easy," and Mr. Gladstone once quaintly remarked, "Rosebery is as full of infinitely varied matter as an egg is full of meat."

He pays considerable deference to the tastes and prejudices of other people, and has the courteous knack of appearing much interested in their concerns and speech. But a keen sense of humor and habits of close observation not infrequently produce a sub-acid vein of sarcasm resembling that which used to flow from Disraeli. Which reminds one of a story not new but exactly characteristic. One day, Lord Rosebery visited a certain hat store in London, and, while standing bareheaded, waiting to be fitted, there entered a short-sighted bishop, who mistook the nobleman for one of the shop assistants. "Have you a hat like this?" asked the prelate, extending his episcopal headgear. Rosebery took it and examined it for a critical moment, then replying with his slight drawl, "No, I haven't; and, if I had, I'd be blessed if I should wear it."

The other side of the penny shows that he can become a veritable sphinx when desirous, and that even while talking he has the air of carefully watching himself lest he utter too much. What "Dizzy" wrote of one of his characters in *Coningsby* fitly described Lord Rosebery in this respect: "He was received in all circles with the greatest distinction and appreciated for his intel-

lect by the very few to whom he at all times opened himself; for though affable and generous, it was impossible to penetrate him; though unreserved in his manner, his frankness was limited to the surface. He observed everything, thought ever, but avoided serious discussion. If you pressed him for an opinion, he took refuge in raillery, and threw out grave paradoxes with which it was not easy to cope."

Sir James Barrie relates that the first time he ever saw Rosebery was in Edinburgh, when he was a student and then he flung a piece of dirt at him. "He was a peer," explains the creator of Lady Babbie and Peter Pan, "and those were my politics. I missed him,—but I've heard a good many journalists say since that he is a difficult man to hit."

So he has been. One paper, in postulatory fashion, called him "a man of very moderate talent, and of no importance as a writer of books." Another journal, never accused of being especially friendly to the Earl, hastened to admit "the pageantry of his intellect," and his "power to attract the man of the masses as well as the man of the classes," while still another predicted his great usefulness, "if he would but concentrate." This last statement has been made in varying forms again and again, during this decade and a half in which Rosebery has remained withdrawn from the stage of politics; many a paragrapher has re-quoted Homer, anent the "skulking in his tents."

Through his mother, who was the only daughter of the fourth Earl of Stanhope, the blood of the Pitts courses through Rosebery's veins, and from his father he can claim kinship with ancestry among the noblest and oldest in Scotland. He commenced his education at Eton, where Arthur Balfour and Randolph Churchill were schoolfellows. At Christ's Church, Oxford, occurred an altercation with the university authorities regarding his private racing stud, which called forth that famous prophecy: "I shall win a Derby, marry the heiress of the twelvemonth, and become Prime Minister." Ten years later, he married Hannah, only daughter of Baron de Rothschild, thus becoming one of the richest men in the realm, and, in 1894, he captured both the Premiership and the Derby. When Chauncey Depew heard of

these last two favors from the hand of Fortune, he cabled: "Heaven alone is left to be won."

Arrived at twenty-one, young Primrose had succeeded to the title and estates through the death of his grandfather. Three years afterward, he delivered his maiden speech in the House of Lords, seconding the Address, and this was followed by a remarkable essay on the union of Scotland and England, read before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. Entering the ranks of the Liberal Party, he soon attracted the notice of Mr. Gladstone and as a result became a part of the last three administrations of that great leader, serving as Under Secretary for the Home Office, Lord Privy Seal, Chief Commissioner of Works, and Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Under the Local Government Act of 1888 the eminent nobleman was chosen first Chairman of the London County Council and was again selected in 1892. In this position, it is conceded that he "made London over."

Besides the rank by which he is so commonly known, Rosebery was created in 1911 Earl of Midlothian, Viscount Mentmon, and Baron Epsom. He wears the insignia of a Garter Knight and of a Knight of the Order of the Thistle, and, of course, lesser honors have been laid thick upon him: Cambridge made him an LL.D.; he is a fellow of the Royal Society and of the Society of Antiquaries, and the Universities of Aberdeen and Edinburgh and Glasgow have his portrait hung in their halls as of the long and famous lines of their Lord Rectors.

It is a record, one will say, which must be important in the sum total of British fame. And Rosebery unquestionably has not allowed these great opportunities to pass without making a real if not indelible impression upon English history. A staunch imperialist, bent upon extending the Empire generally, he showed a grasp upon foreign affairs altogether fine; none the less so because it met with opposition among his confreres and eventually contributed to the downfall of his own ministry, after a brief existence of fifteen months. His official record reads impressively. In 1892, when the British East African Company had fallen into serious financial straits, he successfully held out for the retention of Uganda, contending that it was not only a key to central Af-

rica but "a field of heroic enterprise watered by the blood of our saints and martyrs." Against the evacuation of Egypt, gravely considered, he was bitterly antagonistic, and, in 1894, when the relations between France and Siam regarding territory in the Far East threatened to involve England in war with the former nation, he settled the matter by a course of masterly diplomacy. During the same year he concluded an advantageous treaty with Japan, and it was about this period, as chairman of a conciliation board, that he avoided a crisis at home by terminating a great coal strike. His efforts in this last regard not only won him the plaudits of the people at large, but lastingly endeared him to the laboring classes, with whom he always had felt great sympathy. Four years later, dispute again arose with France, this time over the possession of Fashoda in the Egyptian Soudan, and the ex-Premier actively engaged on the side of the government. For a while extreme tension existed between the two countries and that France finally withdrew her claim was due as much to Rosebery's efforts to the west of the Channel as to those of Delcasse to the east.

He retired from political leadership in 1902, but his eloquent voice has been heard every now and again. While entertaining broad views concerning the reconstruction of the House of Lords, he never went so far in criticism of it as did Lord Grey, of Reform Bill fame, who regarded forensic effort there as "speaking to dead men by torchlight." The noted Scotchman, indeed, gave to his fellow peers one of the finest efforts of his career, revealing that sentiment and poetry which all recognize who know him. The speech was his tribute to Gladstone, shortly following the great Liberal's death. It was in the course of this remarkable address that he recalled "the solitary and pathetic figure, who, for sixty years, shared all the sorrows and all the joys of Mr. Gladstone's life, who received his confidence and every aspiration, who shared his triumphs with him and cheered him under his defeat; who by her tender vigilance, I firmly believe, sustained and prolonged his years."

Rosebery's oratory is particularly effective with the masses, perhaps because of its manner quite as much as of its matter.

Once, for instance, during his political activity, while addressing a crowded meeting in Edinburgh, an old man at the back of the hall shouted out, "I dinna hear a word he says, but it's gran', it's gran'!"

Yet, look at him as one may, Lord Rosebery's life, so far, does not measure up to his opportunities. Like other men of high ideals and brilliant parts, he has been cursed with over-developed sensibilities and habits of too keen and frequent self-analysis. Strive to hide it as he could with wit and skilful verbal fencing, a morbid self-consciousness remained as a deadening plague spot producing daytime restlessness and sleepless nights, great weariness and weakened ambitions. The story of his career reads in many instances as if he had grown tired of a given task well-nigh before it was begun, because of the innumerable difficulties with which his peculiar temperament had clothed it. And when the project, whatever it happened to be, was finished, haunting doubts seemed to assail him as to the completeness of his work. May not this be the secret of the man's sad eyes,— a pervading and accusing sense of unfulfilled promise?

Rosebery struck the minor key of his life with the words: "There are two supreme pleasures; one is ideal, the other is real. The ideal is when a man receives the seals of office from his Sovereign. The real comes when he hands them back." It was sounded again as he advised the students of an ancient seat of learning in England to read the Book of Ecclesiastes, adding with impressive conviction: "Life stripped of its freshness is reminiscent of the apples of Sodom."

Such a one is obviously full of contradictions. To Gladstone, his friend and patron, he was nevertheless an absolute mystery, and to his party and the public generally he often proved a source of bewilderment. Said one of the reviews in former days, "At one time he appears in the mantle of Bright, expatiating upon the horrors of war; at another, he struts down the High Street of the world in a state of rhetorical disorderliness over Fashoda." When he was Prime Minister, *The Scotchman* declared that he was "bound by every tie of honor and policy" to Home Rule for Ireland, yet that self-same evening he proclaimed in the House of

Lords, with fervent gesture, "Before Home Rule is conceded by the Imperial Parliament, England, as the predominant member in the partnership of the three kingdoms, will have to be convinced of its justice." "The Wobbler," as he was finally named, made a speech, in 1903, announcing that Free Trade was "not part of the Sermon on the Mount," and afterwards expressed surprise that this was taken as endorsing Chamberlain's protection policy. Seven years ago, he performed his crowning feat as an anomaly by attacking Lloyd George's celebrated budget and then condemning the Lords for rejecting it.

All this in view, one is not impressed to hear that this man of moods goes to a horserace to turn, unsatisfied, from this paradoxical form of diversion to his library. In fact it is there, with history or memoir or novel and cigar, that he finds true solace. Rosebery views a book as tenderly as most persons regard a living thing. Long ago he saw a vandal burn some old tome, and he still shudders when telling it. "There is nothing so pathetic in nature," says he, "except the eyes of a dying deer, as the appearance of a burning book. Every separate leaf distinctly curls over with a look of reproach as it expires." Surrounded by shelves filled with countless volumes, carefully selected from all time, this singular personality is at his best. Then he gives an impression of repose and unmistakable charm. Politically or socially no one has come, or ever will, so close to a relaxed and natural Rosebery as one may in the fruits of his thoughts and reflections in that Dalmeny Park library.

Again the author of *Sartor Resartus* proves an apt man from whom to quote in connection with the author of *Chatham*. Carlyle claims spontaneity to be the test of literary virtue. "Whenever you have written any sentence," asserts this sometimes tantalizing cynic, "that looks particularly excellent be sure to blot it out." Had he consciously followed this Carlylesian teaching implicitly, the writings of the famous Earl could not seem more spontaneous or bear fewer evidences of blotting out. To be sure, he has chosen as subjects the men in history whose lives ever need explanation, if not apology. A straining after some resemblance to his own life, in which he might fancy a comfort or ex-

cuse, is apparent in his essays on Napoleon, Chatham, Burns, Cromwell, Peel, the younger Pitt, and Lord Randolph Churchill. But if one sees in these stories occasional tinges of melancholy, there is always visible a keen and large enjoyment in the telling, along with a lively sense of boon companionship.

His admiration of Napoleon and sympathy with him in exile were profound. He draws a most human picture of him with a strong personal touch. "What strikes one most in his habits is the weariness and futility of it all. One is irresistibly reminded of a caged animal walking restlessly and aimlessly up and down his confined den, and watching the outside world with the fierce despair of his wild eye. . . . There will always be alchemists and always investigators of Napoleon's character. Nor can this be considered surprising. He is so multifarious, luminous and brilliant that he gives light from a thousand facets. . . . No name represents so completely and conspicuously dominion, splendor, and catastrophe. Europe buckled itself to the unprecedented task of gagging and paralyzing an intelligence and a force which were too gigantic for the welfare and security of the world. That is the strange, unique, hideous problem which makes the records of St. Helena so profoundly painful and fascinating."

Rosebery's portrait of Chatham is one of the gems of present-day English literature. "We want to know," observes the writer, "how a master man talked, and, if possible, what he thought, what was his standpoint with regard to the grave issues of life; what he was in his hours of ease, what he enjoyed. . . . It is certain that we shall never know the aspect of Chatham. He would no doubt, had it served his purpose, have appeared in dressing gown and slippers, but the array would have been as solemn and artificial as the robes of a cardinal. He would, had it served his purpose, have smoked a pipe, but it would have been a jeweled nargileh of the Grand Mogul. He had practically no intimates; his wife told nothing, his children told nothing; he revealed himself in an opaque fog of mystery. . . . He would not laugh because it was undignified to laugh. If he had a book or a play to read aloud and came to a comic part, he passed it to another to read, and resumed the volume when the humorous part was over, lest

we may presume, he should smile or become incidentally ridiculous. His countenance was, so to speak, enamelled with such anxious care that a heedless laugh might crack the elaborate demeanor. And so he lived in blank verse and conducted himself in heroic metre."

Of Burns he finely says: "I have sometimes asked myself, if a roll call of fame were read over at the beginning of every century, how many men of eminence would answer a second time to their names. But of our poet, there is no doubt or question. The *adsum* of Burns rings out clear and unchallenged. . . . The clue to his extraordinary hold on mankind lies in two words,—inspiration and sympathy. . . . The life of Burns, which I love to read with his poems, does not consist of his vices. They lie outside it. It is a life of work, and truth, and tenderness. And, though, like all lives, it has its light and shade, remember that we know it all, the worst as well as the best. He was a soul bathed in crystal. He hurried to avow everything. . . . We have something to be grateful for even in the weaknesses of men like Burns. Mankind is helped in its progress almost as much by the study of imperfection as by the contemplation of perfection. . . . Could we see nothing but distant, unapproachable impeccability, we might well sink prostrate in the hopelessness of emulation and the weariness of despair. . . . How then shall we judge anyone? How, at any rate, shall we judge a giant, great in gifts and great in temptation; great in strength and great in weakness? . . . When we thank heaven for the inestimable gift of Burns, we do not need to remember wherein he was imperfect. We cannot bring ourselves to regret that he was made of the same clay as ourselves."

H. MERIAN ALLEN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

TWO NOTABLE EDUCATORS

EDWARD KIDDER GRAHAM

I

The recent sudden death of this young Southern college president was regarded with singular unanimity as a national calamity. Yet one can safely prophesy that the benign creative influence of his life and philosophy of education will continue to glow with undimmed lustre. In the brief span of four years he was "graduated" as college president with highest honors and with degrees of priceless value and distinction—educational statesman, veritable democrat, ardent lover of his fellows, idealistic interpreter of his age. In the light of intimate knowledge of a career shot through with high elation, stern vicissitude, and personal tragedy, I can truthfully say no less than this: Edward Graham was the supreme exemplar in my own experience of the constructive idealist. The era produced the man; the man helped to produce the era; and in conjunction it seemed that this born educational leader was here, at once to idealize the realities and to realize the ideals of the age. Graham was prophetic instinct incarnate—sensitive receiver of the inarticulate aspirations of a people and dynamic transmitter of light, energy, and inspiration to the farthest reaches of the commonwealth. The widening success of his empirical philosophy of extension—Wisconsin writ anew as North Carolina—was observed with vivid interest and outspoken approval by American educational leaders, and hailed with almost clamorous gratification by the people of North Carolina. The democracy of his faith was integral with his spirit—not only finding expression in his utterances, but furnishing the essential inspiration for his constructive policies—in discipline, in self-government, in administration, in social service and university extension.

II

To the Brewsters of the Mayflower voyage one may, if he will, find a focal point of origin for the inflexible will and high religious voltage of Edward Kidder Graham. Beneath the granite

surface of his Highland Scotch ancestors, the McAllisters, glowed the same zeal for personal liberty and socialized democracy which distinctively marked the young educational leader of to-day. Born in Charlotte, North Carolina, on October 11, 1876, son of Archibald and Eliza Owen (Barry) Graham, he was almost predestined, by the educational accomplishments of his paternal forbears, to realize his unquestioned genius in that high and noble field of social service, education. During his college career, at the University of North Carolina, he was the acknowledged leader of his fellows, touching life at every point and enriching life with this contact; excelling in the tasks to which he set his hand, his mind, and heart; achieving notable distinction as a facile, quick-witted debater and compelling thought in speeches of fine literary texture and oratorical effectiveness. As his classmate, I have always felt that the most signal honor he achieved during his college days was found in the prophetic circumstance that his fellows spoke of him as a man who would make an ideal president of the University of North Carolina.

III

As I look back upon his preliminary career as educator—as professor of English literature, dean of the college of liberal arts, and acting-president of his alma mater—there seems to be a happy fitness in this word, preliminary. For his career as college president seemed at once a culmination and a consummation. Endowed with a finely perceptive curiosity and a keen sensitiveness to subtle values, he escaped as preceptor the blight of the sheerly academic through a vital, unflinching interest in the human element of those he touched and molded. Advanced studies at Columbia University widened the scope of his basic comprehension of the history and cultural rootage of English civilization; and served both to clarify the perspective and tone the background of his experience.

In literary criticism he inclined to the gracious and leisurely manner of the essayist; and he loved to give rein to his fancy in whimsical reflection of the moods and experiences of the hour. The note and nature of his personal charm find but imperfect expression in occasional papers—"The Necessary Melancholy of

Bachelors," "The Poetry of John Charles McNeill," "Teaching Literature in the College," "The Essays of Samuel McChord Crothers." Literature inspired him—but not to intensive research, academic diversions, or the writing of books. Literature, as well as oratory, he loved—not as an end in itself, but as a keen and glittering instrument for making cultural, social, and spiritual truth prevail.

Graham was a sociologist by instinct, a student of Marx and Bagehot and Kidd; and he once seriously considered devoting his life to social studies. In a certain sense it may be said that he carried out his purpose. The ablest and most brilliant of his contributions to the thinking of to-day, the essay "Culture and Commercialism," the "Inaugural Address," and the undelivered address prepared for the Johns Hopkins University commencement, June, 1918, entitled "The American University and the New Nationalism," for all the fundamental educational philosophy and national patriotism they embody, are essentially the works of a gifted sociologist, works culturally and socially integrated through the transmuting influence of social democracy.

Culture, which Graham defines as "truth alive"—the complete art of life—is "not a knowledge of the creeds of religion, art, science, or literature. As American civilization confidently follows it, and it does follow it, it is not a study of perfection through 'coming to know'; it is the development of the spirit through work—it is *achievement touched by fine feeling*." The truly cultural principle in American life, in Graham's view, is the "belief that Democracy and Work are the heart of its civilization." The basic principle underlying many of his public utterances, the very key-note of his educational philosophy, is found in the assertion: "To say that culture in its broadest and most significant sense may be realized through material achievement is as axiomatic as to say that progress toward perfection may be made through sincere living." To this fertile and creative philosophy Graham gave wide currency and strong enforcement by means of many public speeches and addresses before educational and other national organizations in many parts of the country. Graham was a speaker of rare charm and

true power; at times the orator of classic sweep and moving eloquence; always finished, restrained, and inspiring in utterance. Conspicuous for insight and understanding are his papers on the history of Southern oratory (1788-1865) in *The South in the Building of the Nation*.

IV

At different periods of Graham's career I have had occasion to write of him and to interpret the needs of the University of North Carolina in the light of past and immediate experience. In an appreciation of his life and work, published on the occasion of his selection as acting-president, I used these words: "Material resources, costly laboratories, extensive equipment alone will not suffice to constitute a great university. Deeper than all, back of all, lie the intellectual and spiritual resources of the men who embody the educational principles and scholarly ideals of that university. The supreme need of to-day is to release this vast, pent-up force into channels of service and utility to the great masses of the people. To minister to the practical, the intellectual, and the spiritual needs of the people, vital contacts must be established between the university and the people. It is not enough for the people to come to the university. The university must go to the people, must mingle with and touch the life of the people, if it is to answer the needs of the people."¹ In an estimate of him as the recently elected president, with especial reference to the subject of administration, I expressed the view that "the ideal which he has ever held before him for the college has been the democracy which breeds self-mastery, and develops that higher form for freedom which has been justly defined as the will to be responsible for oneself."² In a survey of the history of the University of North Carolina, at the time of Graham's inauguration as president, I spoke of him as follows: "A democrat to his finger-tips, a scholar and an essayist, he enters upon his task with full vision of the evident destiny of the institution he has been called upon to direct. He conceives

¹ "Edward Kidder Graham": *News and Observer* (Raleigh, N. C.), August 10, 1913.

² "The President": *University of North Carolina Magazine*.

the whole State in all the manifestations of its life as the immediate concern of the university. 'Extension,' he interprets in his inaugural address, 'not as thinly stretching out its resources to the State boundaries for the purpose of protective expansion, nor as carrying down to those without the castle walls broken bits of learning, but as the radiating power of a new passion, carrying in natural circulation the unified culture of the race to all parts of the body politic.' . . . Here is an attempt to realize, in the light of modern social theories and ideas, the true mission of the university in a democratic State, and the spectacle is one of national interest."³

To-day, with these inadequate phrases as a sort of rough touchstone, one may temper one's sorrow in gratified retrospection and the sure conviction that the deeply lamented young educator fulfilled so nobly and admirably, within the immitigable limitations of space and time, the promise of his career, the spirit of his ideal, and the hopes and aspirations of the people of his native State.

In the act of taking office, he won the assent of the people to his doctrine that the university campus be made co-extensive with the boundaries of the State. At once he began, as he phrased it, to "put the university as head of the State's educational system in warm, sensitive touch with every problem in North Carolina life, small and great." In matters of college administration and discipline, he wrought what appeared to be a miracle—the virtual abolition, through replacing "fearsome prodding" from without the student body by self-control and self-determination from within, of punitive discipline for deliberate misconduct. In all administrative matters he was equally radical in placing administration on a fundamentally democratic basis; and every step he took was actuated by the will to place the university "in harmony with the spirit of modern democracy."

It is needless to enumerate here the extension activities of the University of North Carolina, some novel, some of the sort made familiar by universities of the type of Wisconsin, all

³"The University of North Carolina: Inauguration of President Graham." *The Nation*, May 6, 1915.

vigorous, effective, popularly appreciated; for they attracted the approving attention of the entire country and were eagerly imitated by other institutions. Graham's whole aim was to realize at North Carolina his definition: "The American State university of the twentieth century is an organism of the productive State, striving to express in tangible realities the aspirations of present democracy, as it adjusts itself to the liberations of a new humanism." Likewise, in his Johns Hopkins address, he forthrightly says: "The whole function of education is to make straight and clear the way for the liberation of the spirit of men from the tyranny of place and time, not by running away from the world, but by mastering it." Nowhere has Graham better interpreted his talismanic word, extension, than in these words from his inaugural address: "The organic centre of all its [the State's] actions and interactions for liberating its efficiency and its life to a higher plane of productivity is in raising the productivity of all the men engaged in it by liberating all of their wholesome faculties."

V

No one who came into personal contact or association with this remarkable man could escape the pervasive influence of his personality or be blind to the simplicity, strength, and dignity of his nature. Erect, tall, and fragile in figure; masterful in bearing; with challenging blue-gray eyes; a beautiful, delicate face, the face of a poet—he was a strange blend of frankness and exclusiveness, of gayety and seriousness, of whimsicality and gravity, of boyishness and maturity, of engaging outspokenness and invincible shyness. Another great American of to-day, Woodrow Wilson, with whom Graham had many points of similarity, in broad vision, ennobling democracy, and moral fervor, recently said of him with justice: "By gift and character alike he was qualified to play a distinguished part and was playing it to the admiration of all who knew him."

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.

University of North Carolina.

KIRBY FLOWER SMITH

The death of Kirby Flower Smith, Professor of Latin in the Johns Hopkins University, came as a great shock to all those who had been associated with him in a more or less intimate way, and to none more than those who had been his students at Johns Hopkins. What a loss his death means to the university is understood only by those who realize that the university was his life, that he lived and breathed for the university and for its highest ideals, and that, with his keen, sane judgment in practical matters, his fine and sure taste in literature and art, and his optimism and genial comradeship, he represented the best that the university can produce. In the field of classical scholarship in America his place cannot be filled: few, indeed, are they who can bring to the study of the Classics the same painstaking care in minute details along with such lively imagination and the ability to enter into the spirit of the finest and noblest of a past age: and in this day of the glorification of the material and tangible, when the Humanities have to wage such a struggle for a place in any scheme of education, it is extremely disastrous to the cause that so able an exponent of them should have dropped from the ranks.

Though Professor Smith was very much at home in the field of Romance Languages and made a number of contributions to that study, by far the greater part of his life and effort was given to the study of the Classics. His work in the various spheres of Latin literature by which he is best known was of the most thorough and careful kind. In the study of an author or of a period or type of literature no details were too insignificant for study. To mention as illustration his most recent work, *Tibullus, The Elegies*, no other single work in this sphere of literature treats so exhaustively all the various motifs found in the type, and the origin and growth of the literary form; and it will undoubtedly remain the standard work in the English language. On the other hand, no author or character to him lived entirely in the past. For him always the past lived again in the present. Thus it was that with his lectures on Tibullus, Propertius, Ovid, and Martial, given in various places throughout the South to

audiences which for the most part had no interest in Roman life and Roman characters in themselves, or, in fact, in any characters that did not live and move before their eyes, he made antiquity live again and interpreted the thoughts and emotions that are common to all ages. During these lectures in the South he became endeared to the hearts of many who were quick to recognize in him the fine instincts of the scholar and the sweetness and charm of the cultivated gentleman.

Of the work that he published during his lifetime one does not wish to speak in detail at present. There will be found many to give it due recognition, and it will stand the test of the most exacting criticism. He was trained under a teacher whose devotion to his chosen field of study called forth the best effort from his students, and with his natural inclination to thoroughness he carried the tradition over into his own department after his appointment to the chair of Latin at Johns Hopkins. His works stand as a testimony to that. But only those who studied under him know fully what a spirit of thoroughness he brought to the performance of daily work. In this matter he taught not by precept but by example. Yet no piece of work, even the most minute, was altogether dry when he approached it. His rare humor and the lightness of touch with which he handled everything always redeemed what would otherwise have seemed uninspiring routine. Few had his literary gifts and fewer still his ability to inspire in his students confidence and respect for himself and for his work. As a scholar and teacher he needs no eulogy: he lived forever in the hearts of those who for even a brief period enjoyed the rare privilege of coming under the spell of his genial spirit, and of being introduced by him to the thought of a past great age which he clearly understood and faithfully interpreted.

T. S. DUNCAN.

University of the South.

THE LITERATURE OF RECONSTRUCTION*

The war is over and reconstruction begins giving rise to problems quite as important as the issues over which millions of men have fought since August, 1914. No matter what the terms of the peace treaty are, whether it secures restitution, security for the future, a settlement that promises to be lasting, and a League of Nations, there will be peace without victory unless reconstruction leads to freedom. The war was fought partly to make the world safe for democracy; its outcome will not be satisfactory unless democracy is made safe for the individual. That is the task which now confronts the world.

In the United States the problem is looked upon largely as involving a simple change from a war to a peace basis; of resuming business as usual; of reestablishing the *status quo ante bellum*; and the transition period, feared by all European nations and particularly by Germany, is not expected to be serious. This is only natural because our participation in the war was not sufficiently prolonged and did not require enough sacrifices either to make economic readjustment a revolutionary process or to shadow by death the future life of every family. This is not to say that all the resources of America in men and material were not pledged to the winning of the war. They were; but in England women in industry are numbered by the millions while ours are numbered by the hundred-thousands. England suffered from hunger and cold while we put up with temporary inconveniences. She mortgaged all her resources while ours have barely been scratched. Her hospitals and cathedrals were bombed while we were only slightly worried by submarines off

**Britain After the Peace*. By Brougham Villiers. New York: E. P. Dutton, 1918, pp. 249.

American Problems of Reconstruction. Edited by Elisha M. Friedman. New York: E. P. Dutton, 1918, pp. xxvi, 494.

Readings in the Economics of War. Edited by J. Maurice Clark and others. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1918, pp. xxxi, 676.

Americanized Socialism. By James MacKaye. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1918, pp. viii, 191.

the coast. She sent every available soldier to the front while we could comb our man-power with great regard for dependency and industrial claims. And finally, her casualties for six weeks of heavy fighting are hardly equalled by our total losses. It is this personal sacrifice, universal in England and only occasional in the United States, that is most important. There is little wonder, then, that England was more consecrated to the war than the United States and that reconstruction is looked upon as involving a spiritual principle rather than a simple economic readjustment. No one in England would desire, were it possible, simply to go back to the conditions of 1914; they are gone forever. In the uncharted future will be gained or lost the complete fruits of the military victory won at such a great coast.

For the men who come back from the front will be fully determined to have greater political privileges and economic opportunities than any democracy has ever yet vouchsafed its citizens, and there is equally the determination in England among those who have stayed at home that men who have breathed the free air of common sacrifice must not be forced to return to the stuffy atmosphere of self-interest: that England must be made a nobler and better place for them; that political and economic principles must be tested and revised to insure that reconstruction shall mean the greatest possible measure of liberty and happiness to the individual and that finally, the *Machtpolitik* which the armies of freedom have combatted in all quarters of the world shall not again be permitted in the fierce competitive individualism that, before the war, was common not only to England but to all modern democracies. Reconstruction viewed thus would purify England, eliminate what was bad, invigorate what was good, and a true renaissance would establish the British Empire more firmly and completely on the moral basis of freedom.

On the other face of the shield can be read unmistakable warnings that this must be done. The war brought into prominence three great ideals and for them millions of men have suffered. A league of free nations—the realization of the ideal that the war just finished has been a war against war and that

the world is safe for peace-loving people—is within our grasp if we choose to take it. Germany's vision of world hegemony, of a vast *Mittel-Europa* that she would dominate, has been shattered, but in defeat the peoples of the Central Powers, like those of Russia, will likely suffer far more from democratic excesses than they would have done from the success of hostile armies. These two ideals are widely different, but the tyranny is the same. The leaven of democracy has had results; but instead of enjoying a rebirth of freedom, Russia and now Germany have been plunged into abysses from which they will emerge only at a cost comparable to that incurred while they were carrying on hostilities. The menace to other nations, if not so immediate and challenging, is nevertheless grave. How far will Bolshevism spread before it is conquered? The terrible sufferings of four years, the tempered spirit of France, and the wine of victory have strengthened her further to resist. But will she always? England's long-cherished liberal institutions will make her problems less acute, but there is the danger that the economic materialists will look upon reconstruction solely as a question of reëstablishing industry and securing a larger share of the trade of the world and will pay no regard to the heritage of freedom that is essentially the ideal for which Britons fought and died. Reconstruction, if it is to suffice, must dedicate the country to freedom; it must mean a new birth of happiness and of a patriotism learned in the trenches, based on fellowship and love, and thus immune to the germs of revolution.

This is the keynote of Mr. Villiers' book, one of the most thoughtful of the many English volumes on reconstruction. The publishers have done a real service by bringing out an American edition. The very interesting selections in *Readings in the Economics of War* give an excellent background for the study of all the problems of reconstruction; writers like Mr. Villiers and Mr. Mackaye interpret this material. The latter has his own particular panacea and in a rather thoughtful little book he applies socialistic principles to the details of "American Tory economic institutions"—radically, dogmatically, and meticulously. It is only by striving after utopias that any progress is secured, but Mr. MacKaye's particular utopia would destroy as

well as improve. Mr. Villiers, on the other hand, sets forth no schemes. Reconstruction, he believes, must be revolution; and he desires it to come by peaceful means. Problems of demobilization, industrial control, taxation, agricultural reform and small holdings, the probable effects of the war on foreign policy of the future—these are the subjects he discusses. What he says is sane and constructive and his book is an admirable introduction to a more detailed study of after-the-war problems.

In the United States, courage and vision are less necessary than in England, but are nevertheless important. *Laissez-faire* and *Machtpolitik* must alike be discarded as guiding principles of statecraft; liberties given up for the duration of the war must be restored; we must try to prolong and to dedicate to new and national purposes the moral forces which pledged our resources to securing a better internationalism. They have checked a menace; they must go on and secure a better future. American losses have been sufficient to justify, even if they do not make inevitable, a new spirit; lives were not given for the old but for the new America that it is within our power to make. Nor shall we be without specific, difficult problems. Industry must go from a war to a peace basis; three million men must be absorbed in various trades and professions. We may be in for a period of unemployment and perhaps acute depression. The industrial system in the United States is not so perfect that the germs of Bolshevism may not find lodging places, and it behooves us to be awake. Conscription has made a vital difference. Had the voluntary system been adhered to, national obligations would not have been so great. The State demanded the men it chose and sent them to Europe; it cannot deny them a fair measure of freedom and happiness.

Some of these questions are discussed in *American Problems of Reconstruction*. The papers, ably edited by Mr. Friedman, are of unequal merit, but the volume is one which must be studied by all students of the after-the-war situation. Sincerity and authority are guaranteed by the names of the authors, all of whom are well known; public officials, business men, journalists, and college professors contribute papers on subjects with which they are most familiar: economic questions, efficiency in

production, adjustments in trade and finance, and fiscal reform—these are the problems with which the book deals. Complete information is given as to the temporary and permanent effects of the war, the proper method of readjustment to peace conditions and the probable and desirable changes in our national life. If Mr. Friedman's volume may be said to have a general fault it is one common to most American writers—the problem is looked upon as one of *readjustment*, rather than *reconstruction*.

The test is more than this. Shall the United States be worthy of the sacrifices that have been made for its honor and international safety? The compulsion is not so great as in the case of European democracies. Our losses have not been so severe. The menace from crimes committed in the name of democracy is not so imminent. But, had it been necessary, the United States would have passed through any ordeal; personal suffering, no matter how universal and keen, would not have weakened its will. The country was pledged to victory; that it did not need to endure consecration by the blood of countless sons may make the spirit of reconstruction less compelling, but the opportunities are just as great, and England can once more be our teacher.

LINDSAY ROGERS.

University of Virginia.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE ECLIPSE OF RUSSIA. By E. J. Dillon. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1918. Pp. 423. \$4.00.

The student of politics or of history finds no country quite so baffling in its complexity and so elusive in its contradictions as the Russian Empire. An authoritative interpreter is sorely needed, and we still wait in vain for a work which will explain Russia to the English reader as comprehensively and as successfully as Lord Bryce, for instance, has succeeded in interpreting America, or President Lowell England. The man best qualified to write such a book on Russia is surely Dr. Dillon, the author of the volume now before us. His long residence in that country, his official connections there, and his intimacy with leading Russian publicists, politicians, and statesmen have given him an unrivalled knowledge in the field of Russian affairs. So far, however, Dr. Dillon, though he has written much on Russian subjects, has contented himself with more or less limited surveys in this vast field.

The present volume is an illustration of what has just been said. Its title, "The Eclipse of Russia," would be better rendered by the name of a former work by Dr. Dillon, "Russian Characteristics," for it is with Russian characteristics that the book chiefly deals. It gives us an insight into the workings of the minds of the Russian peasant, the Russian bureaucrat, the Russian educated man, and finally of the Russian Tsar himself. And incidentally we see the psychological abyss which separates the Russian from the Western European mind. Tsardom has never known how to hold together the many divergent and mutually repelent nationalities that form the Empire except by a rule of force, terrorism, and obscurantism. The result is that to-day "after ages of spiritual stagnation and politico-social bondage, the Russian man is still half a child and half an imperfectly tamed beast." As for the government, it is a "purely predatory state" of the old Asiatic type, and incompatible "with the politico-social ordering of latter-day Europe."

The book is very pessimistic at times, yet the author is too much in love with his subject and too penetrated with it to be dominated by mere pessimism. The two figures around which the book centres illustrate these two tendencies of the work. On the one hand we see the worst side of Russia in Nicholas II, the incarnation of the divine-right, self-worshipping, yet weak and inept Tsardom, so jealous of its heaven-given prerogatives that, even when it openly agrees with its councillors of state, it is always secretly trying to circumvent them. On the other hand we see the pitiful side of Russia in Count Witte, the wise statesmanlike economist, who could, if only he had been listened to, have held together the discordant nationalities of the Empire by concessions in self-government, yet rallied them around a regenerated Empire by nation-wide economic prosperity. Witte strongly recalls Turgot. Both had a great vision, thoroughly understood the needs of their countries, and both, had they been supported, might have kept their states from dissolution, revolution, and a reign of terror. The value of Dr. Dillon's book lies chiefly in the fact that he was the intimate of Witte, and that he gives us that great statesman's confidential views and convictions on Russian policy. No student of Russia can afford to do without this work, easily one of the most important ever written about Russia.

S. L. WARE.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN THE REICHSTAG. SIXTEEN YEARS OF PARLIAMENTARY LIFE IN GERMANY. By the Abbé E. Wetterlé. Translated from the French by George Frederic Lees. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1918. Pp. xii + 256.

Abbé Wetterlé has long been known as a leader of the party friendly to France in Alsace-Lorraine, as the editor of a prominent paper there, and as a lecturer in French cities on the Alsace-Lorraine question. In the present book he relates his experiences as a member for Alsace-Lorraine in the Reichstag and gives us numerous pen-portraits of his German colleagues there. He describes also with piquancy and in true French journalistic style such topics as the interior arrangements of the Reichstag, the procedure in debate, the tactics of parties, the attitude of the Chancellor, and much else that is interesting.

But the most instructive part of the book is that in which Abbé Wetterlé takes us behind the scenes and shows us how little importance attaches to "the noisy declarations and tragic gestures" of speakers against the Government Bills. In reality all is settled in secret conclave between party leaders and the Chancellor's collaborators. The Chancellor can, indeed, always secure the passage of desired legislation by a system of judicious bribes or by governmental favors. The book is also valuable for the light it throws on politics in Alsace-Lorraine up to the Great War.

S. L. WARE.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS. By Julia Collier Harris. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50 net.

Like Washington Irving, Joel Chandler Harris, among his intimate friends, was afflicted with "immortal shyness," so that in spite of many flattering, tempting offers to get him before the public, he chose to remain in the seclusion of his home, and thus afforded no opportunity for his numerous admirers to become acquainted with him in any other way than through his books. And yet since Irving's day there has been no other writer more genuinely and universally loved. This biography, prepared by his daughter-in-law, takes us into his home, brings us into intimate contact with his genial, whimsical, child-like nature, and helps us to understand how through his unpretentious sketches of Uncle Remus and the little boy he reached the hearts of grown folks and children everywhere, both in his own country and in Europe. "Oh, it is so easy to be contented," he declared, "and yet there is so little of it in the world." "Humor," he said on another occasion, "is an excellent thing to live by, and all things being equal, an excellent thing to die by." Thus his whole life was pervaded by a spirit of optimism which makes itself felt throughout everything he wrote. But with his humble estimate of his own talents, he was, like Irving too, surprised at the success of his first book, his negro folk-tales, for he insisted that it was just an accident. "All I did was to write out and put into print the stories I had heard all my life." This story of his life, however, brings out the fact that his success

was more than accidental and was due not merely to his lovable, whimsical nature, but to his training in the plantation printing office of J. A. Turner, editor of the *Countryman*. While setting type for that paper he contributed surreptitiously to its columns, just as Ben Franklin tried his hand in his brother's shop; but more fortunate than Franklin, young Harris found a more sympathetic critic in the editor, who at that formative period in the boy's life (from his fourteenth to his seventeenth years) helped him form a style of his own. "It is so easy," he wrote to his daughter off at college, "to be vague and hazy when talking about writing as a gift and as an art. A person who has the gift must acquire the art, and that is done only by long practice."

What a delightful picture of the man and of the author is drawn for us by his daughter-in-law, who with fine tact and skill has known just what touches to add or to omit in order to make the portrait true and life-like. It is a picture which, we can safely say, would have secured the approval of Harris himself, and no higher praise could be given it. Keeping herself carefully in the background, she lets him, whenever possible, tell the story of his own life, either through anecdotes, recollections of his friends, or his own inimitable letters. From it all we get the impression of a manly, simple, sincere, modest, and spiritual nature, which will always stand high on the roll of American authors both for his character and his contributions to literature.

It is to be hoped that the publishers can arrange to issue this biography in abridged form for use in school and college classes.

THE NEW INFINITE AND THE OLD THEOLOGY. By Cassius J. Keyser, Adrain Professor of Mathematics in Columbia University. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1915. Pp. v, 117.

In spite of the title and the name of the author, this exceedingly suggestive and ingenious little work was *not* "made in Germany." The author contends that "we are in a world where it is easy to encounter a whole having a part whose elements are precisely as numerous as are the elements of the whole. Every whole of that kind is said to be *infinite*." This statement ap-

pears to be the mathematical version of the old theological doctrine that man is "made in the image of God."

The heart of the book is contained on pages 90 and 91, as follows: "An infinite *I* of even the *lowest* type *always* contains not merely two or three or a million components each equal to it in plenitude of elements, but an infinity of such components. The like is equally true of the infinities of whatever type in the endless scale of types. Must we suppose the truth to fail in the case of Theology's Infinite, the level of one sublimity to another yet more sublime? Is the nature of an ideal inferior to that of the ideas it hovers over? Is perfection inferior to approximation?"

According to our author's contention, even austere mathematics is on the side of the infinite value of small nations and small individuals. This alone would show that the book was not "made in Germany"! T. P. B.

THE ETHIOPIC LITURGY: ITS SOURCES, DEVELOPMENT, AND PRESENT FORM. By the Rev. Samuel A. B. Mercer, Ph.D. (Munich). Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co.

This scholarly work of Professor Mercer was originally given as the Hale Lectures for 1914-15 at the Western Theological Seminary, Chicago. The introductory lectures on the development of the early Christian liturgies lay a broad foundation for the minute and detailed study of the growth of the liturgy of the Abyssinian Church from its earliest beginnings to its present form.

The text of the Greek liturgy of St. Mark, reconstructed in its probable fifth-century form, and a facsimile of the Ethiopic text of Mercer MS. Eth. 3, are given in full, together with an English translation of the latter. The work is an important contribution to the scientific study of liturgics and a credit to American scholarship. JAMES BISHOP THOMAS.

WASP STUDIES AFIELD. By Phil and Nellie Rau. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. Illustrated by drawings made in the field. \$2.00 net.

"The present volume embodies the results of four years of out-of-door study of some of our most interesting and highly de-

veloped insects, in their native haunts, while pursuing their occupations in their own way. Biological and behaviour work on the American wasps has been, for the most part, desultory and incomplete, and we hope that these chapters may, in their small way, fill the gap that exists."

Those who are familiar with Fabre's *The Hunting Wasps*, *The Mason Bees*, and other studies of insect life will welcome these investigations as a further contribution to the subject, correcting some of the French observer's conclusions. According to Professor W. M. Wheeler, who writes the Introduction to this volume, Fabre did not sufficiently take into account variations in behavior, being too set in his ways of thinking, and owing to his training as a chemist and mathematician, was prone to stress the scholastic conception of instinct. Inasmuch, however, as the evolution of the solitary wasps, which comprise some 10,000 described species scattered over the torrid and temperate regions of the globe, has extended over a period of at least four to six million years, it is not surprising to discover a great diversity of habits. Thus the authors of this book, avoiding the errors of the "mystery-mongers, the simplicists, and the humanizers," after patiently viewing the behavior of the wasps "in sunny fields for four years" agree with the conclusions of Forel in his study of *The Senses of Insects*: "It must be admitted, therefore, that insects are capable of perceiving, of learning, of recollecting, of associating their recollections and utilizing them to accomplish their ends. They have their various emotions, and their will is not purely instinctive, but offers individual plastic modifications adapted to circumstances."

THE GUN BOOK. By Thomas H. McKee. Profusely illustrated. New York: Henry Holt & Company. \$1.60 net.

The Preface tells us that "The purpose of this book is to set forth accurately, but in simple words, the essential principles of the gun as a projecting apparatus, illustrating more difficult points by reference to familiar objects." The author, a college graduate with practical experience in handling guns against the Indians and lawless whites of the West, has made careful investigations of the principles of physics, chemistry, and mathe-

matics on which gunnery is based, and furnishes non-technical explanations of the effect of the rifled barrel with its advantages over the smooth bore, gives reasons for using the long, pointed bullet, makes clear the relation between rifling and trajectory, shows how the Maxim silencer works, and answers many questions connected with a gun which any wide-awake boy would like to know or ought to know. Indeed, the whole history of the development of firearms from the battle of Crécy to the modern war is traced, with copious illustrations of the various types invented from age to age. The book is an interesting and valuable treatment of the subject, calculated not to promote militarism but to encourage intelligent sportsmanship.

OUR HUMBLE HELPERS. By Jean Henry Fabre. Translated from the French by Florence Constable Bicknell. New York: The Century Company. \$2.00 net.

Similar in plan and style to the author's *Story-book of Science*, this volume deals with our friends of the farm-yard,—the pig, the hen, the goose, the turkey, the ox, the ass, the horse, the cow, the sheep, and his canine keeper,—and tells many interesting facts and stories about their origin, domestication, anatomical structure, and habits. Though intended primarily for boys and girls, the book will prove of equal interest and pleasure to their parents.

LABORATORY MANUAL FOR INTRODUCTION TO SCIENCE. By Bertha M. Clark. Cincinnati and New York: The American Book Company.

Conveniently arranged with loose leaves for a binder, this paper-covered manual contains more than two hundred experiments that have been successfully used with high school students. Most of these experiments require simple apparatus and can be performed by the average pupil without danger to himself or to others. Each experiment is accompanied by a series of questions designed to make the pupil record every step of the process and understand clearly what he is doing. The list of experiments covers a pretty wide field and is adapted to work both in the rural school and in the city school.

NINE HUMOROUS TALES. By Anton Chekhov. WHAT MEN LIVE FOR. By Leo Tolstoi. STORIES OF THE STEPPE. By Maxim Gorki. Boston: The Stratford Company.

These three little volumes, averaging about sixty pages each, form the most recent issues of the Stratford 25-cent Universal Library, under the general editorship of Henry T. Schnittkind and Isaac Goldberg. Each volume contains a brief introduction giving a critical estimate and a few biographical data. Almost pocket size, these little books are very attractive in appearance, with their binding of antique boards, their clear type, good paper, accurate translation, and careful editorship. Altogether only nine volumes have appeared, containing for the most part stories by French or Russian writers. We shall look forward with interest to other volumes of this useful series.

THE DIVINE IMAGE. A Book of Lyrics. By Caroline Giltman. Boston: The Cornhill Company.

WISCONSIN SONNETS. By Charles H. Winke. Milwaukee (530 Oakland Avenue): Badger Publishing Company.

SABER AND SONG. A Book of Poems. By William Thornton Whitsett. North Carolina: Whitsett Institute.

THE SOUL OF AMERICA. By Robert M. Wernaer. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

PAVED STREETS. By Elias Lieberman. Boston: The Cornhill Company.

FIFTY YEARS AND OTHER POEMS. By James Weldon Johnson. Boston: The Cornhill Company.

THE CYCLES. By Seneca G. Lewis and C. P. McDonald. Boston: The Cornhill Company.

THE CHARNEL ROSE AND OTHER POEMS. By Conrad Aiken. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

WAR POEMS FROM THE YALE REVIEW. With a Foreword by the Editors. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$1.00

YOUNG ADVENTURE. By Stephen Vincent Benét. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$1.25

POEMS OF NEW ENGLAND AND OLD SPAIN. By Frederick E. Pierce. Boston: The Four Seas Company. \$1.25

The first book on our list is a thin little volume of religious lyrics full of simple faith and tender devotion.

The thirty-three sonnets of Mr. Winke's collection appeared for the most part originally in local publications and now seek

to win a wider audience. Though inspired chiefly by local scenes, incidents, or characters,—such as “The Wisconsin Capitol,” “Milwaukee Bay,” “Robert M. La Follette” (“the champion of the people’s cause”),—the poems give expression to an abhorrence of war, an admiration for eugenics, and a sympathy with “this heart-warm, glad Ideal” of Socialism.

In spite of the military title, *Saber and Song* touches no phase of the present world-war but limits itself to somewhat commonplace moralizing on various aspects of man’s life and of nature. The “Ode to Expression” at the beginning of the volume seems to suggest the incentive to all of Mr. Whitsett’s verse, “God, let me voice myself before I die!” But the reader is impelled to ask, Why was it necessary for Mr. Whitsett to express himself in verse? Nowhere does he rise to poetic heights; he is woefully careless and ignorant in placing his accents,—as seen in such stresses as *amphor’al*, *Pegas’us Attil’a*, *Cimon’*, *Golgoth’a*, *gangrèn’ous*,—and his method is didactic throughout. His message of faith, hope, courage, and love can be conveyed far better from the pulpit than through the medium of mediocre verse.

The “Bearers of Light” to America, the “Knights of the Spirit,” the “guardians of the *psyche* of our land,” our “psychic lords,” those only who know the Soul of America are our “psychocrats,” through whom is to come the salvation of America, the “preservation of Democracy.” A typical “psychocrat” is thus depicted:—

I know a shoemaker :
 He buys the best leather ;
 He buys the best cord ;
 Every pair of shoes is well made ;
 He makes them by hand ;
 He has studied the anatomy of the human foot.
 He reads.
 He has a little library of good books.
 He works hard.
 All psychocrats work hard.

In such free verse is sung the song of the “psychocrat.”

The author of *Paved Streets*, who tells us that his father was “an atom of dust,” his mother “a straw in the wind to His Serene Majesty”; that one of his ancestors “died in the mines of

Siberia"; "another was crippled for life by twenty blows of the knut"; another was killed defending his home during the massacres"—seems to have been "cradled into poetry by wrong," for his verses have far more of poetic feeling than either of the two writers immediately preceding. The first division of his poems deals with kaleidoscopic scenes and incidents of New York streets, and the treatment is sometimes ironic, but always sympathetic. His shoemaker (p. 7), though a true "psychocrat" in that he works hard, has his dreams "as he taps, taps, taps," and like Whittier's merry men and women of "the good old Craft," lifts his soul above his menial task. There are also in this division three good tributes to O. Henry, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Edgar Allan Poe. The second division, "An Ancient Race," seeks to interpret the spirit of the oppressed Hebrews of Europe and makes a stirring appeal to them for the exercise of courage, patience, endurance, and loyalty. The best of these is the call to the Kingdom of Poland:—

Poland! Poland! Arm for the fray, unshackled, God-like, free;
Become the anointed champion of all who plod like me.

If not—like the rest of things outworn, nations or creeds or men,
Back you must go to the bottomless pit and there start over again.

The last division, "The Great Struggle," inspired by the War, voices the hopes and aspirations of the new Russia. As he sings how The Great White Czar is fallen, his "heart leaps Godward like the blaze that set my Russia free." From "liberty's shore" he sends across to his countrymen, who have suffered and feared, a message urging them to "fearlessly venture and and struggle ahead"—

The torch-flare of freedom
Must guide them aright;
America calls to them,
'Let there be light.'

Demos speaks to the Russian people, calling them to action, inspiring them with new hope:—

I am the voice of you,
I am the goal of you,
Brawn, bones and blood of you,
Heart, mind and soul of you.

And in his Chant of Loyalty he sings of how America has united the hearts of all folk who have come to her shore:—

One under palm and pine,
One in the prairie sun,
One on the rock-bound shore,
Liberty-sighted;
All that we have is thine,
Thine, who has made us one,
True to thee evermore,
Stand we united.

Written by a negro, the verses in *Fifty Years and Other Poems* voice a manly, vigorous plea to the white people for justice, sympathy, and encouragement both on account of what the negroes have accomplished and on account of what the negroes may become if treated with contempt and injustice; and at the same time make an equally strong appeal to the negroes themselves for courage and faith in their "God-shown destiny" as "a part of some great plan." Simple, direct, convincing is the picture of the colored sergeant in the battle of San Juan Hill:—

And while the battle around him rolled,
Like the roar of a sullen breaker,
He closed his eyes on the bloody scene,
And presented arms to his Maker.
There he lay, without honor or rank,
But, still, in a grim-like beauty;
Despised of men for his humble race,
Yet true, in death, to his duty.

Besides these poems typical of his race and voicing the instincts and aspirations of his race, there are others exhibiting considerable variety in subject and skill in treatment: translations from the Spanish and German, sonnets, impressionistic pictures "Down by the Carib Sea," and short lyrics breathing at times a note of suppressed voluptuous passion. A second division of the book is devoted to "Jingles and Croons," or verses in the negro dialect. In these the dialect is artificial and unnatural, such as is invariably used by Northern writers, so that apparently the very dialect of his race has become foreign to him. The interpretation, too, of the negro character and spirit is over-sentimental and unreal, as when the negro lover talks of "de flower wha' de nectah grows," expects to "meet

his Waterloo," and tells his lady-love that "nobody's lookin' but de owl an' de moon, An' de night is balmy fu' [for] de month is June." As we might expect, his verses succeed far better in interpreting the feelings of the college-bred negro than in furnishing a picture of his ancestors in slavery days.

Apparently in *The Cycles* we have an illustration of coöperative authorship, the theme having been furnished by one man and the poetic expression by another. The book falls into three divisions, or Cycles, entitled respectively Abandon of Youth, Doubt of Maturity, and Wisdom of Age, and tracing the growth of the soul from the idle philosophy of youth,—live for to-day, the future is an empty thing,—through the mature creed that "deeds well done reflect the Future Day," to the final belief that the aim of life is after all to "practice human kindness." The stanza is that of the Rubáiyát, *aaba*, but the epicureanism of Omar gives place to—

"the blessed Doctrine of
The Helping Hand in Trouble's fevered fray."

The language is facile, often felicitous, the stanza is skilfully handled, but the tone becomes at times monotonous and the thought not infrequently sinks to the commonplace.

Although the critics have hailed Mr. Conrad Aiken as a "born metrist" and have described his work as "subtly rich in tone-effects and in inner rhythms," and though Professor William Lyon Phelps insists that "Conrad Aiken is firmly, gladly on the earth," that dull-witted individual, the average reader, will doubtless make but little of his "nympholepsy" and will conclude that only a "true oneirocritic"—such as he to whom the *Charnel Rose* is dedicated,—can understand and adequately interpret his poetical symphonies.

Though treating of the suffering, sorrow, and losses occasioned by the war, the poems collected from the *Yale Review* strike no note of morbidness or of despair. They voice the feelings of those at the front who "act, and see, and ponder, and win. . . . peace in themselves"; they express the sense of joy and pride felt by all in those who have made the supreme sacrifice and

who "cannot die until human hearts are dead"; they flash a vision of—

"Beauty herself, within whose blossoming Spring
Even wretched man shall clap his hands and sing,"—

and rejoice in the certainty of that new freedom that is to come, "the last world-union, that kingdom of God in man."

There is no question about the vividness and dramatic power of Mr. Benét's recent collection of verse, whatever lapses one may find occasionally in taste and tone. He has far greater mastery of metrical effects than has Conrad Aiken, and his ballad of "The Hemp" for concreteness of imagery and conciseness and clearness of expression is one of the best of recent times.

Professor Pierce's *Poems of New England and Old Spain* offer a strong contrast to Mr. Benét's in their coolness and quietness and almost Wordsworthian baldness of blank verse. Wordsworthian, too, are "the incidents and situations from common life," treated with simplicity and naturalness and sympathy and set forth in language "purified from all lasting and rational causes of dislike or disgust." In its sympathetic interpretation of the heart and soul of country folk, in its restrained passion, its sincerity and simplicity of style, "Father and Son" recalls Wordsworth's *Michael*; though the New England father yields with resignation and tranquillity to the boy's pleading to be gone, and the son dies sword in hand "in savage wars on alien islands."

AMERICAN BOYS' BOOK OF SIGNALS AND SYMBOLS. By Dan Beard. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. \$2.00 net.

THE AMERICAN BOYS' ENGINEERING BOOK. By A. Russell Bond. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. \$2.00 net.

The *Book of Signals and Symbols* contains descriptions, fully illustrated, of ideographs, picturegraphs, tramps', yeggmen's, scouts', trappers', gypsies', and Indian symbols and signs, for the use of boys in their games in the open. The *Boys' Engineering Book*, designed to arouse and stimulate in the boy his

creative instincts, offers practical suggestions for the construction of a workshop, tells what a boy should know of the stars, furnishes elementary lessons in surveying, sounding, and signalling, in building roads and bridges, and in the making and use of electric batteries. Both books should prove of practical value for summer camps.

DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND GERMANY—August 1, 1914–April 6, 1917. Edited with Introduction and Analytical Notes. By James Brown Scott. New York: Oxford University Press.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S FOREIGN POLICY: MESSAGES, ADDRESSES, AND PAPERS. Edited with Introduction and Notes. By James Brown Scott. New York: Oxford University Press.

A SURVEY OF INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND GERMANY—August 1, 1914–April 6, 1917. Based on Official Documents. By James Brown Scott. New York: Oxford University Press.

THE HISTORY OF HENRY FIELDING. 3 Vols. By Wilbur L. Cross. New Haven: Yale University Press.

THE TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDIES. By Henry Fielding. Edited with an Introduction and Notes, by James T. Hillhouse.

These three important volumes by James Brown Scott, Cross's extensive study of Fielding's life, character, and works, and Mr. Hillhouse's edition of Fielding's burlesque tragedy are reserved for review in the next issue.

The following books, some of which will be reviewed in the next issue, have been received:—

The Soul of Lee, by Randolph H. McKim, *The Present Conflict of Ideals*, by R. B. Perry (Longmans, Green & Co.); *Fifty Years of Education*, by Ernest Carroll Moore (Ginn); *The Fatal Dowry*, by Phillip Massinger and Nathaniel Field. Edited from the original quarto with introduction and notes by Charles Lacy Lockert (The New Era Printing Company, Lancaster, Pa.); *Idle Dreams of an Idle Day*, by Henry E. Harman (The State Company, Columbia, S. C.); *For God and Country*, by Randolph H. McKim, *Certain American Faces: Sketches from Life*, by C. L. Slattery (E. P. Dutton); *From Their Galleries*,

by A. Donald Douglas, *Rinconete and Cortadillo*. Translated from the Spanish, with an Introduction and Notes, by Mariano J. Lorente. With a Preface by R. B. Cunningham Graham (Four Seas Company); *The Classical Influence in English Literature in the Nineteenth Century and Other Essays and Notes*, by William Chislett, Jr., *The Heart of Nami-San*, by Kenjiro Tokutomi. English version with introduction by Isaac Goldberg, *After the War—What?* by James H. Baker, *The Faith that Makes Men Faithful*, by W. C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones (Stratford Company); *Essays of Hazlitt*, selected and edited by Arthur Beatty (Heath); *The Effect of Diet on Endurance*, by Irving Fisher, *The Beginnings of Science*, by Edward J. Menge, *Background for Social Workers*, by Edward J. Menge, *Les Traits Éternels de la France*, by Maurice Barrès, *Morale and Its Enemies*, by W. E. Hocking, *Religion and the War*, edited by E. S. Sneath, *Human Nature, and Its Remaking*, by W. E. Hocking, *Christian Belief in God*, by G. Wobbermin (Yale University Press); *Soldiers' Spoken French*, by Helène Cross (Dutton); *American Charities*, by A. G. Warner, third edition, revised by Mary R. Coolidge (T. Y. Crowell Co.); *The Religion of a Man of Letters*, by Gilbert Murray (Houghton Mifflin Co.); *Beyond Life*, by J. B. Cabell (Robt. M. McBride & Co.); *Immortality*, by Streeter et al., *A Commentary to Kant's Critique of Pure Reason*, by N. K. Smith (The Macmillan Co.); *British Criticisms of American Writings, 1783-1815*, by William B. Cairns (University of Wisconsin Studies); *University of Wisconsin Studies in Language and Literature*. Number 2. Studies by members of the Department of English. Dedicated to Frank Gaylord Hubbard by his colleagues of the Department of English on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his appointment at the University of Wisconsin. G. P. Putnam's Sons have just issued a third edition of Dunbar's *Theory and History of Banking*, revised and enlarged by Professor Sprague. Three new chapters, on Foreign Exchange, Central Banks, and the Federal Reserve Banking System, have brought this useful book thoroughly up to date.